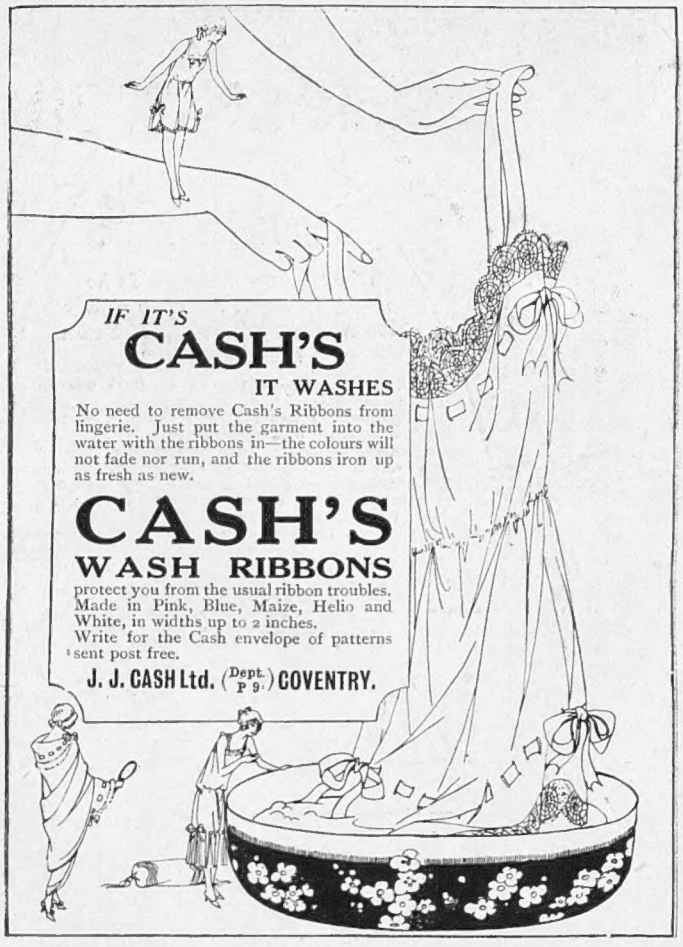

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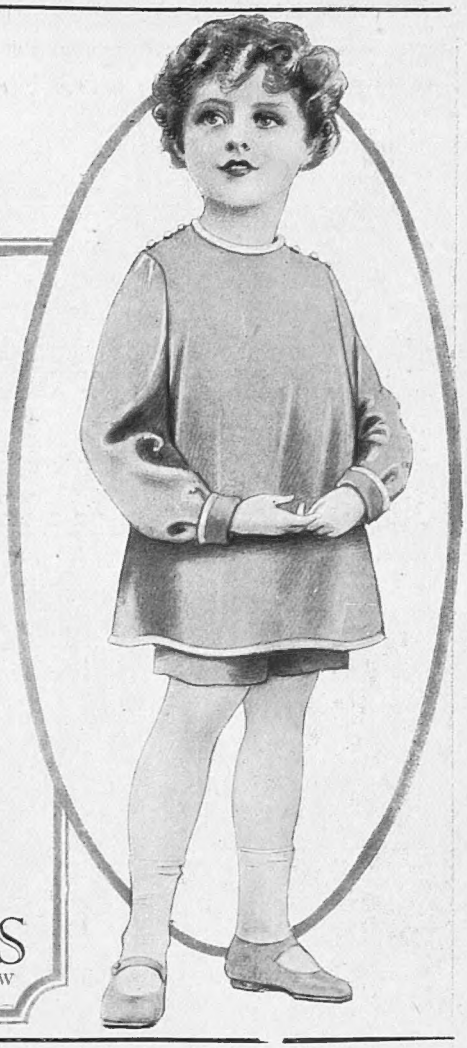

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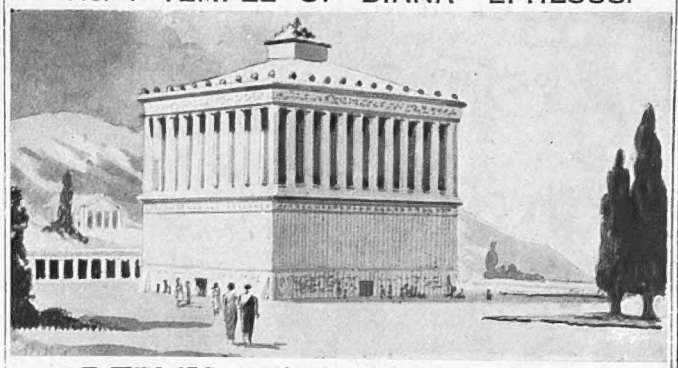

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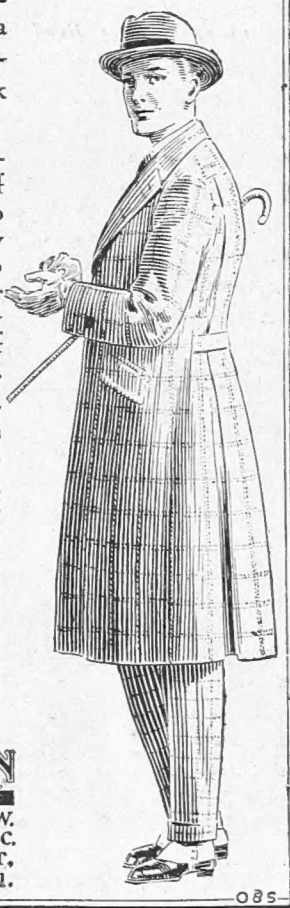

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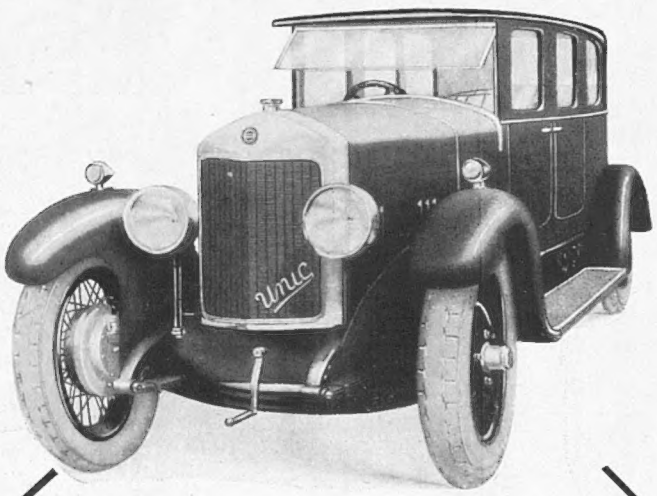

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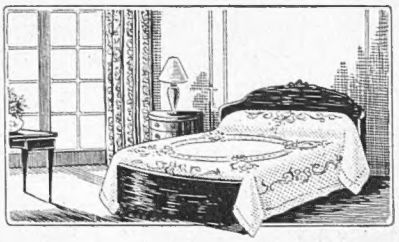

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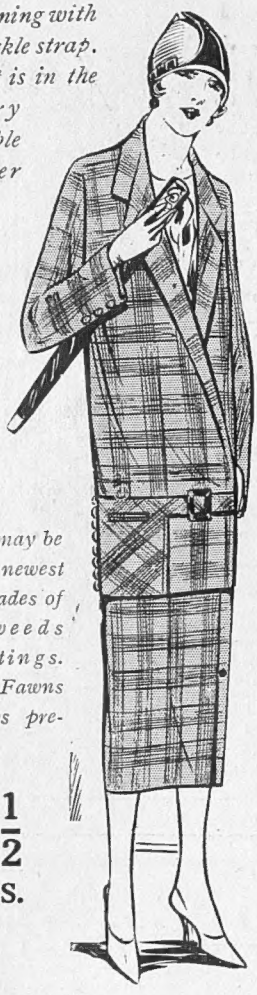

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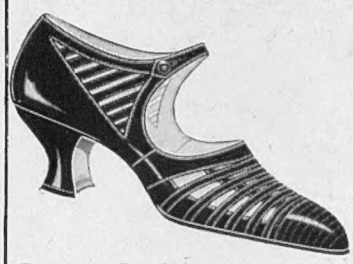

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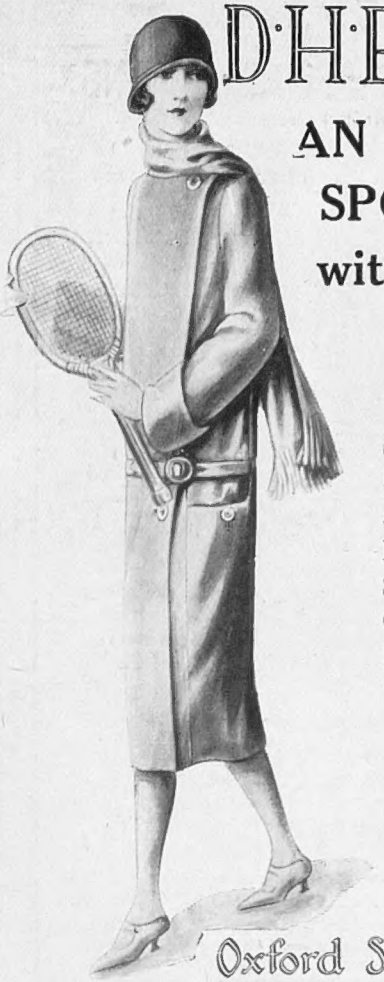

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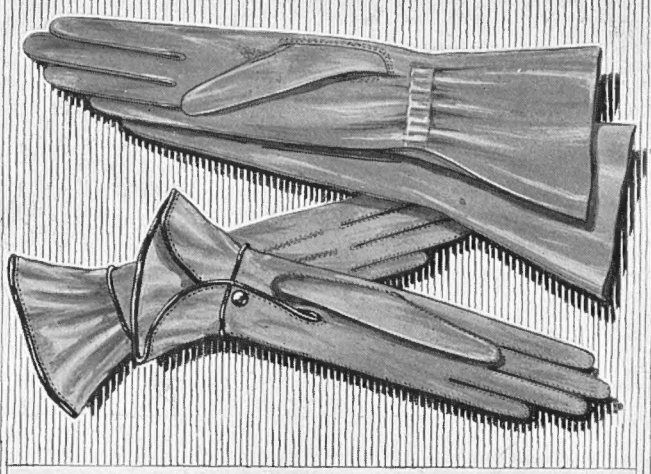

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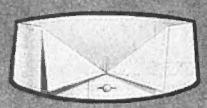

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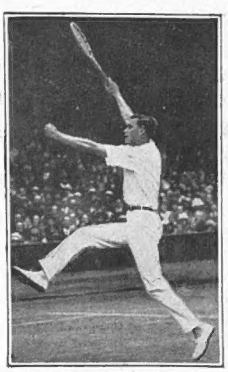

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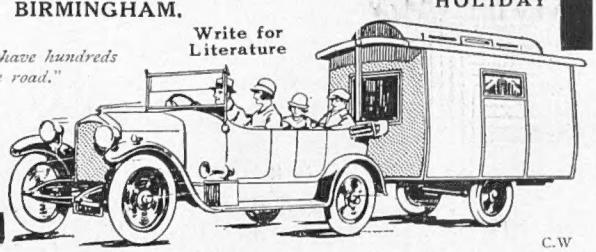

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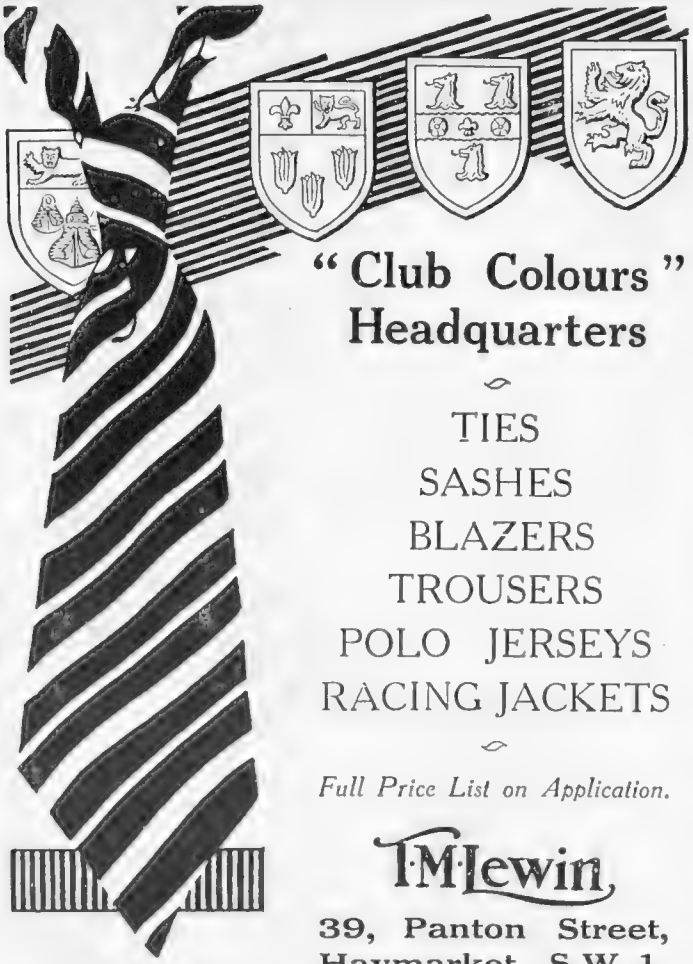

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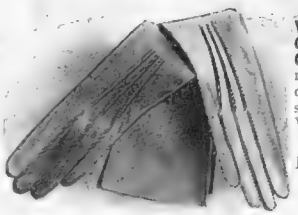

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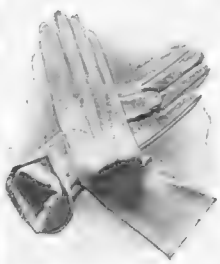

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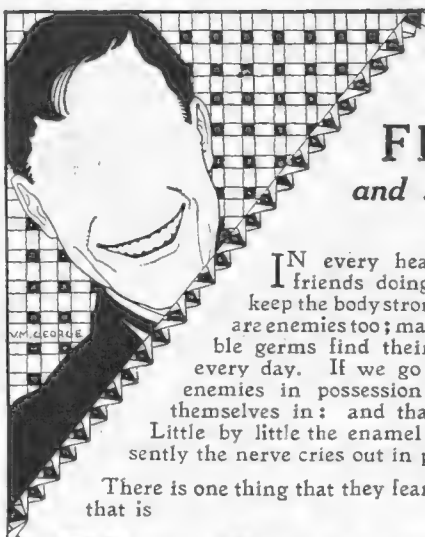

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and several millions of enemies

IN every healthy mouth there are 32 friends doing their best, working to keep the body strong and healthy. But there are enemies too; many millions of tiny invisible germs find their way into every mouth every day. If we go to sleep and leave these enemies in possession they will assuredly dig themselves in: and that means dental decay. Little by little the enamel gives way and presently the nerve cries out in pain.

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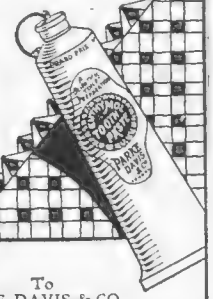

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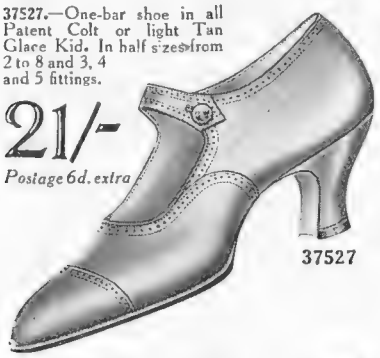

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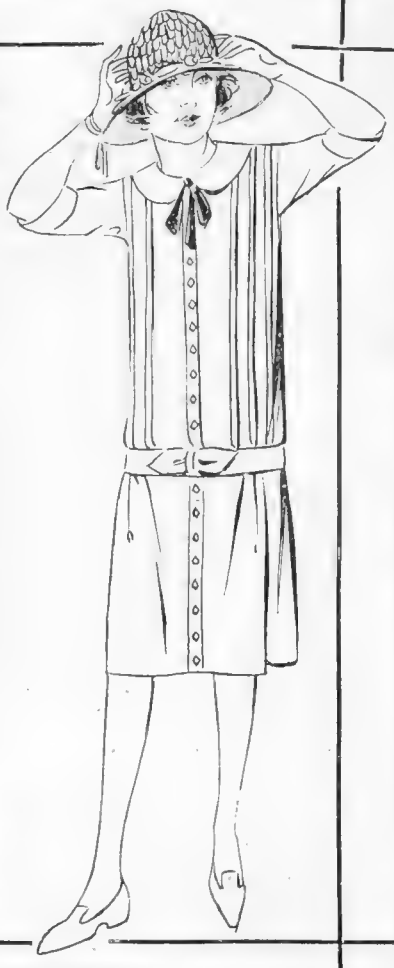

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SUMMER FROCK for girls' wear, in novelty cotton Bouclette, trimmed contrasting colour on collar and cuffs. In Green, Mauve, Rose, Sky, Tan, and White. Sizes, 36 to 45 inches entire length, rising 3 inches.

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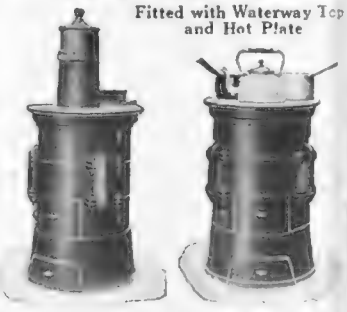
Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



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Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling

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This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

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GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 4	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
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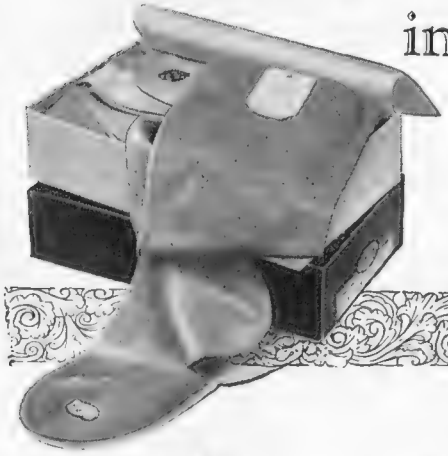

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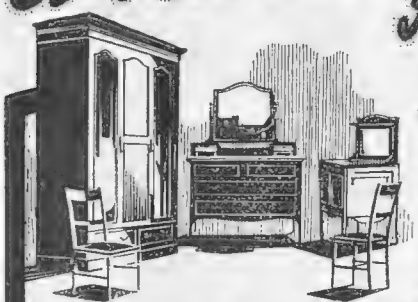

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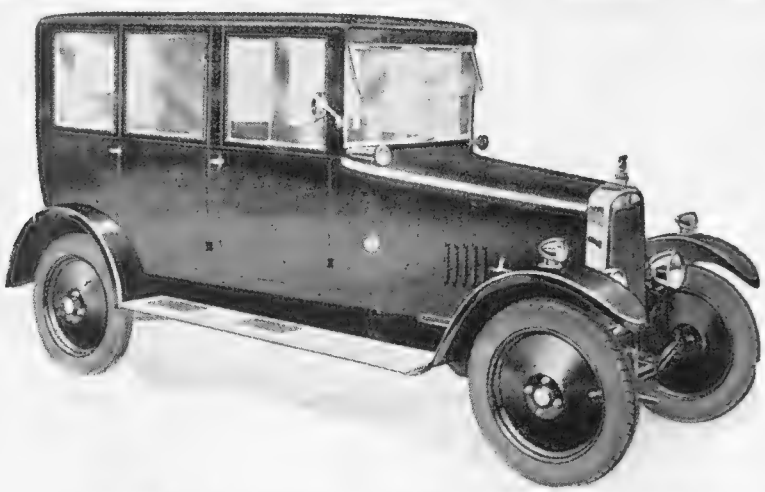
111



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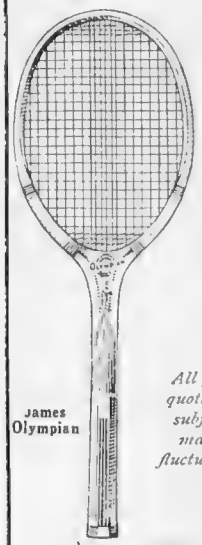

James Olympian

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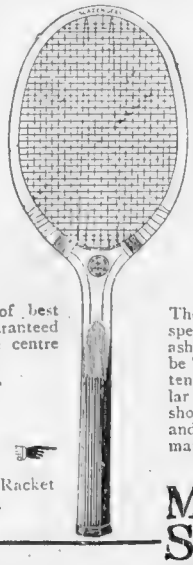

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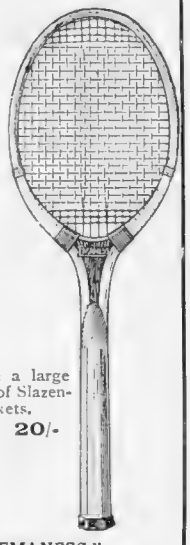

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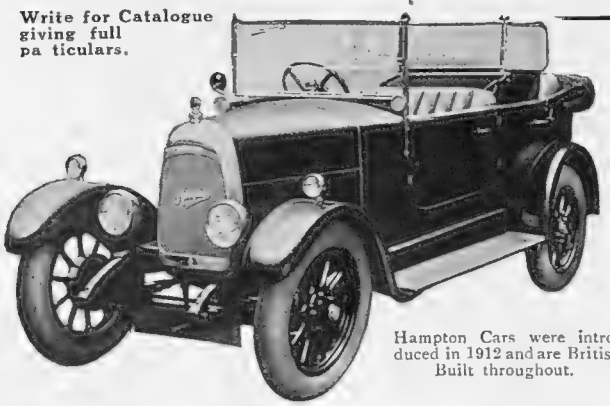

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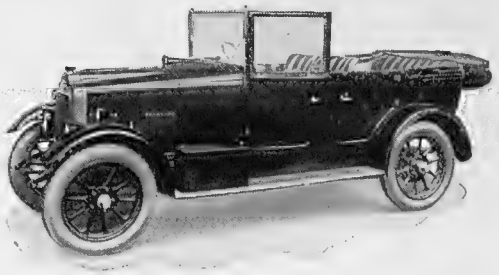

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FROCKS
OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business and has a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert and made by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

SMART FROCK (as sketch) for little girl, in finest quality white pique, daintily trimmed with rows of narrow cord braid, collar, cuffs, and skirt finished with Apple Green or Sky Blue linen, entirely hand-made.

In size for 2 years,	18 ins.		**55/9**
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PRETTY STRAW OR LINEN HATS can be supplied to wear with this frock at moderate prices.

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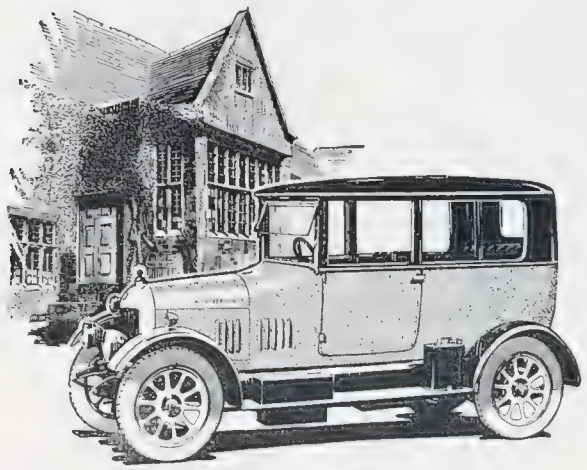

This is the new Morris-Cowley 4-seater Saloon, a model that sets a new standard in closed car economy. The equipment includes every desirable item, easy access to all seats is a prominent feature, and the car is suitable for all needs and every occasion. Price £250. Fully insured for one year. Fully equipped.

Morris Motors, Limited, regret that, in spite of their having advertised widely the necessity for ordering early to ensure delivery of Morris Cars for Easter, many late orders were unavoidably held over. While every effort is made to speed up delivery (consistent with the maintenance of the highest possible car quality), intending purchasers are respectfully requested to place their orders at an early date. The possibility of disappointment will thus be avoided.

The unapproachable success that has been achieved by Morris Cars is the best criterion of their value. When comparing Morris prices remember that they include, besides Dunlop Cord Balloon Tyres, Lucas 12-volt lighting and starting set, Gabriel Rebound Snubbers, and Every Necessary Accessory, a full comprehensive insurance policy operative for one year. This gives the purchaser approximately £11 direct saving on Morris-Cowley models and £13 10s on Morris-Oxford Cars.

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buy British-and be Proud of it.

MORRIS MOTORS, LTD.
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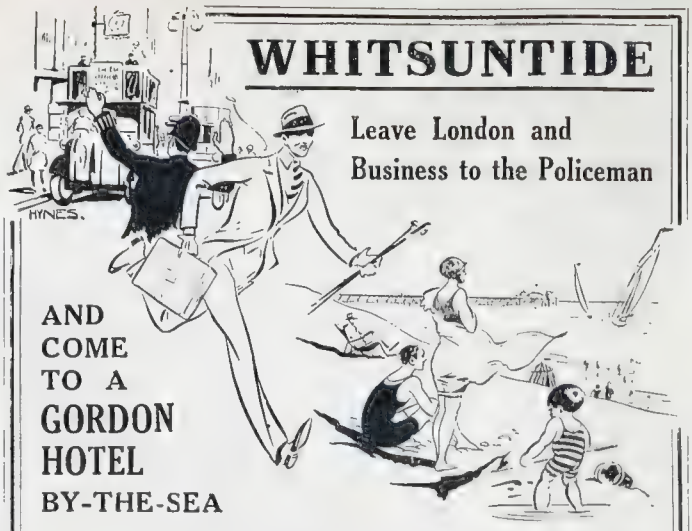

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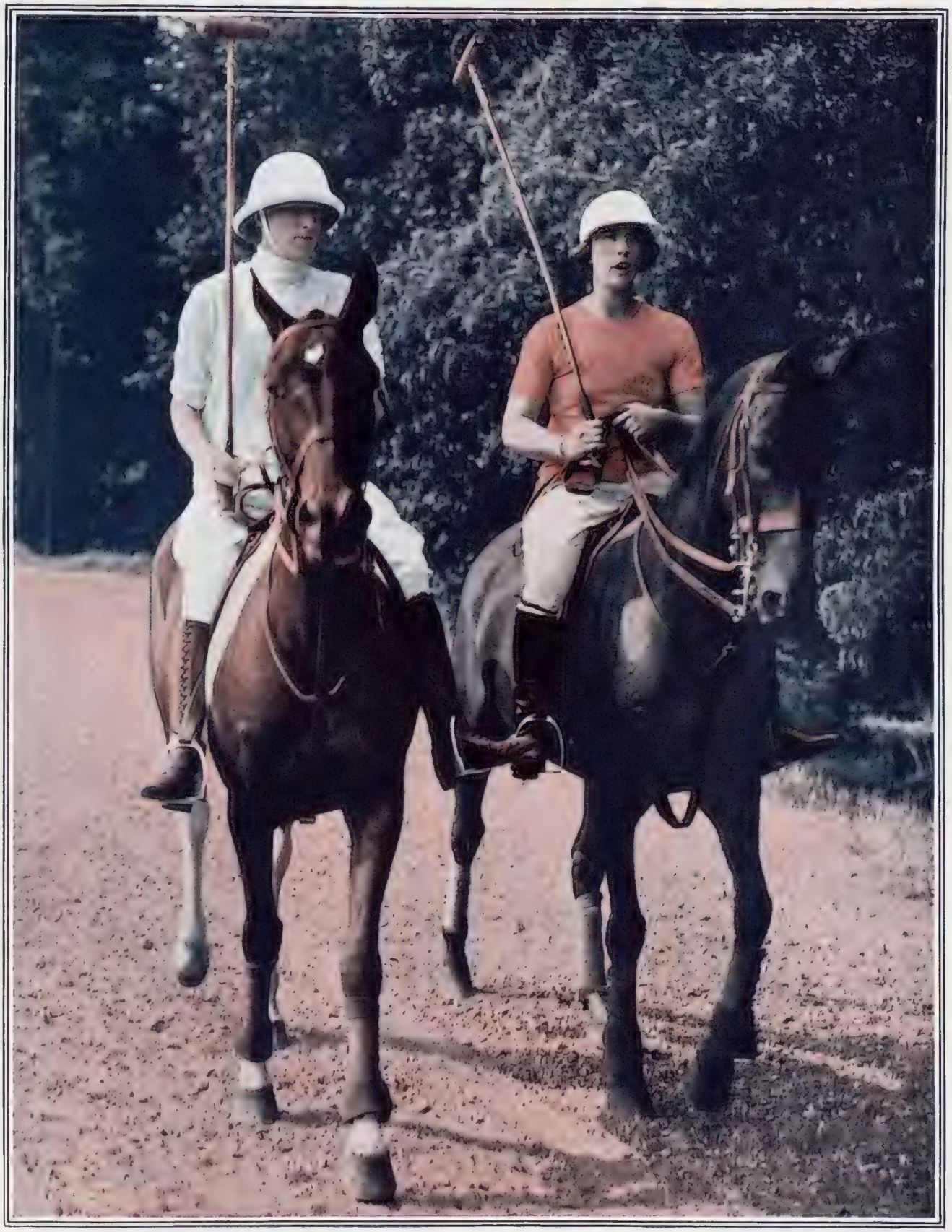
The Bystander, May 6, 1925 No. 1118. Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER



Sport and General

LADIES FIRST!—IN OUR SUMMER NUMBER

Miss S. Tilney (Hurlingham) and Miss L. Wilson (Melton), in a Ladies' Polo Match at Hurlingham

Love is Blind!

BY RENE VINCENT

HE: "Isn't that the fellow you were engaged to last summer?"
SHE: "Well, it looks more like his brother, but I really can't be sure!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

THE TIME HAS OBVIOUSLY ARRIVED FOR OUR SPECIAL SUMMER SPORTS NUMBER

The Time Has Come—

WITH the Cup Final a thing of the past, and the first trial match at the Oval already forgotten, the time has obviously arrived for our Special Summer Sports Number—and here it is.

What Nonsense!

A PESSIMIST, in my hearing, said that the coming cricket season would be an anti-climax. He meant, of course, that as we have been following the doings of our team in Australia, the varying fortunes of the counties would fail to interest us. What nonsense! I would make the journey to Hove to see Tate bowl or to Sheffield to see Sutcliffe bat, whereas, last summer, I would have done neither of these things.

My Secret!

THE Australian tour has re-vitalised the summer game. To read about cricket is a very different thing to watching cricket. It is as though one read for several weeks of the doings of famous actors who were to appear in a new play. When the first night comes, we are all agog with excitement, and the piece is a success before the curtain rises. The Australian tour should have exactly the same effect in the coming cricket season. All we want is fine weather, and—letting you into a secret—we are going to have it.

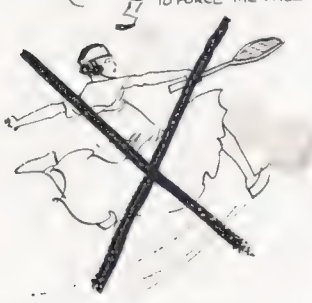
"Suzanne et Cie"

CRICKET won't have matters all its own way this summer. Polo will be well in the limelight, for India has sent us some of her foremost experts to force the pace. Then, I see that Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock* will add to the gaiety of Southern regattas, and, at Wimbledon, the popularity of tennis—even though we may not be permitted to publish those jolly snap-shots of *Suzanne et Cie*—is certain to reach high-water mark.

INDIA HAS SENT US SOME OF HER FOREMOST EXPERTS TO FORCE THE PACE

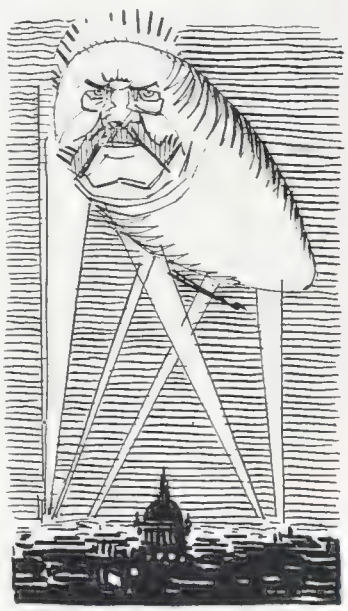
Girls and Gazelles

THIS censorship of tennis snap-shots has me guessing most completely. I have gone through some back files of this BYSTANDER and I have seen pictures of charming young ladies leaping about like young gazelles among the eidelweiss. Indeed, I shall never look at a gazelle again without thinking of Wimbledon. But where is the objection to that? The gazelle is a very graceful creature. I wish someone would tell me that *I* look like one when I am doing my morning sprint along



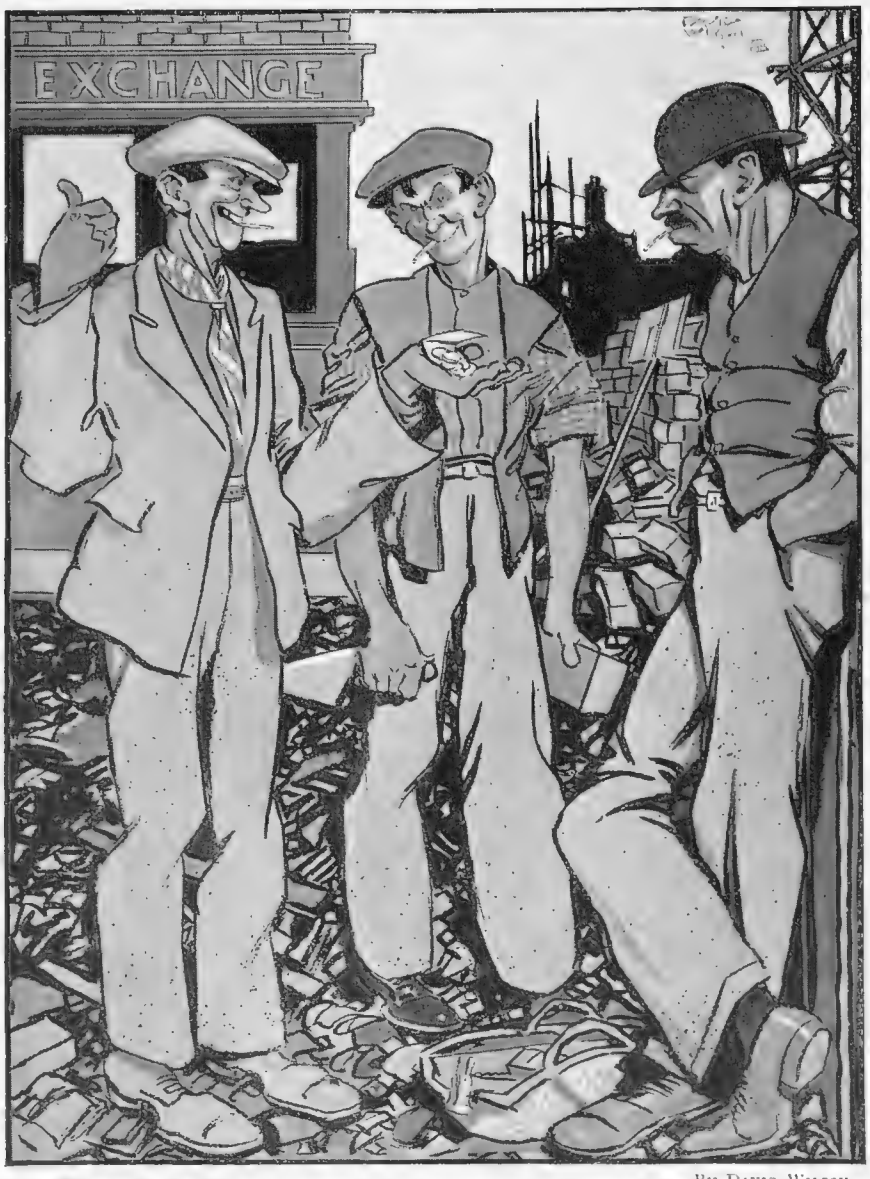
THIS CENSORSHIP OF TENNIS SNAP SHOTS HAS ME GUESSING —

'DOING MY MORNING SPRINT ALONG THE CROMWELL ROAD —'



THE VICTOR OF TANNENBERG WITH OUR MORNING TEA AND THE SEARCHLIGHTS OVER WHITEHALL WITH OUR EVENING COFFEE —

THE PROPORTION OF BOY BABIES AND GIRL BABIES MAY BE DETERMINED BY THE WISHES OF THE PARENTS. —



THE THREE DIS—GRACES
"Dole"—"Ca' canny"—"Down-Tools"
By David Wilson

the Cromwell Road. They can put *my* picture in the papers with pleasure!

Stiggins Again!

The secret is, I suppose, that some sad and sickly Stiggins, peering through a magnifying glass, has discovered that the young women of Wimbledon roll the stocking below the knee. As Spencer Trevor remarks in *Frasquita*: "She couldn't dance if she hadn't got ankles!" so I am sufficiently daring to say of Suzanne "She couldn't play tennis if she hadn't got knees!" The days are past when Peeping Toms lurked behind bathing machines with field-glasses; and unhealthy curiosity as to the female form divine has now been corrected by producers of modern revue.

A Freak of Fate

By a strange coincidence, the day that saw Hindenburg acclaimed as the head of the German Republic, also witnessed our first official demonstration of Air Defence since the War. It was a curious freak of Fate that brought portraits of the victor of Tannenberg with our morning tea and the searchlights over Whitehall with our evening coffee. Myself, I am not sorry that it happened. I am all for a policy of forgive and forget, but my income tax will have to drop by another shilling or two before I kiss my late enemy on both cheeks.

A Sexed Question

Two ladies have been discoursing on the question of sex. One of these has written a book to prove that the proportion of boy babies and girl babies may be determined by the wishes of the parents, while the other says that "most women, even the most modern ones, prefer to be men." These statements, considered together, sound rather disturbing, until one remember that many young men, particularly the most modern ones, prefer to be girls. So perhaps a fair working balance will be maintained after all.

Collusive Divorce

Mr. Justice Rigby Swift has had the courage to say from the Bench what every sane man has been feeling for years past. He says it "would be cleaner and better if, instead of the man going to an hotel and committing a sin in order to get a divorce, the husband and wife might, before a proper officer, make a declaration to the effect that they did not desire to live in matrimony any longer." That is sound sense. The present system of collusive divorce which places a premium on sin is just a joke—and a joke that leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

Shavian Shows

Speaking of Barry Jackson's production of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* my evening paper says that the public are now "avid for Shaw." I wonder! I should like to think it, but I cannot help recalling the very short runs enjoyed by those excellent little Shavian shows at the Everyman Theatre. They were finely acted and they ran, if memory serves, for less than half a dozen weeks. When one remembers the capacity of the Hampstead theatre, one is a little sceptical of a public "avid for Shaw." It is only fair to instance, on the other hand, the success of *Saint Joan* and the Macdona players at Chelsea. Perhaps there is—

> . . . . Something in the Hampstead air
> That makes them not want to do the things
> . . . They *don't* do there!

Success and Failure

It is always difficult to apportion justly the praise or blame for the success or failure of a theatrical venture. The author praises the book or blames the actor. The actor smiles in the limelight or retires to his dressing-room to curse the incompetence of the fool who penned his inadequate lines. And the critic says this or that. The recent spectacular failure of *Kismet* is, presumably, a tribute to the genius of Oscar Asche, who was connected with the glory of its original failure and was not concerned in its ultimate *débâcle*. Here was a case of *Hamlet* without the Prince—and that reminds me:

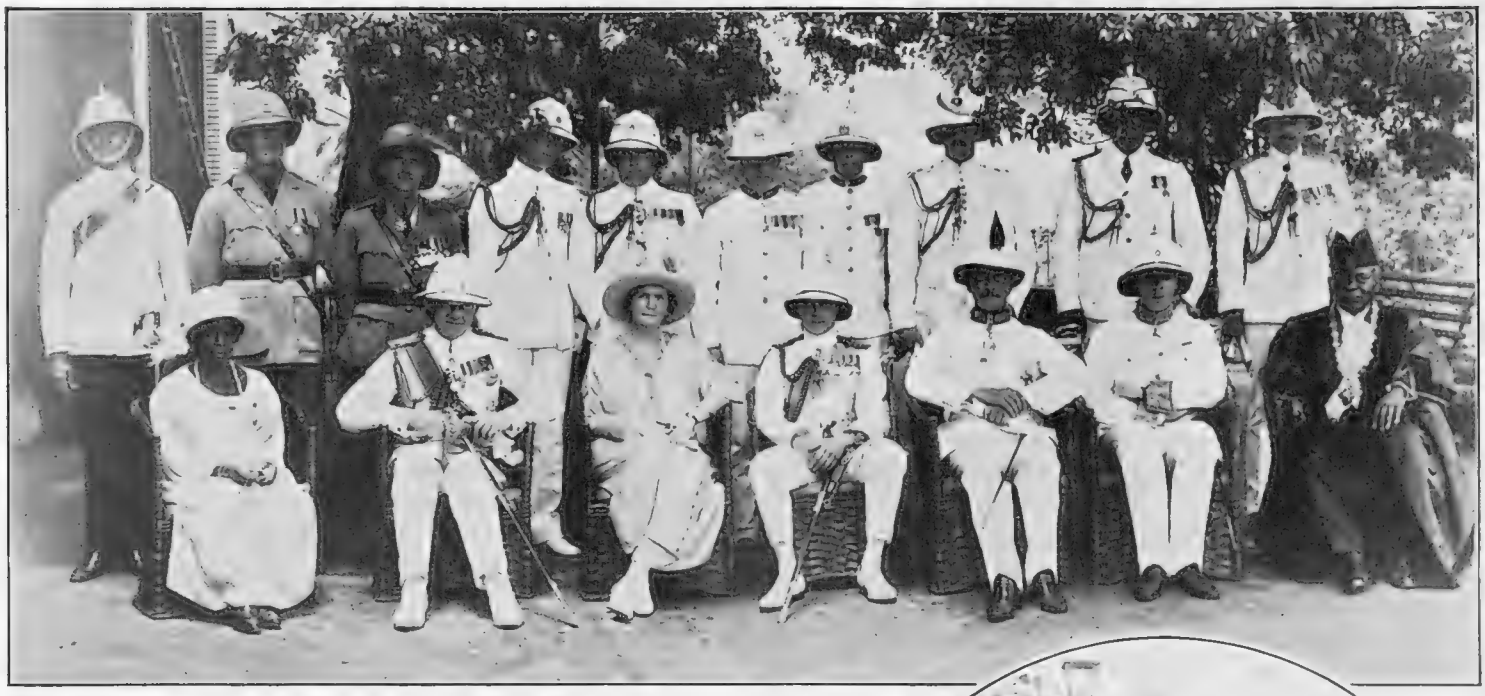
When Oscar played Hamlet

During a recent rehearsal, a certain leading lady came to grief with those criss-cross garters that start at the instep and end somewhere above the knee. Asche, who was producing, rose in the stalls to administer the customary comfort and advice. "Don't worry," he said, "I had exactly the same trouble when I played Hamlet!"

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS



THE PRINCE IN FREETOWN *I. B.*

A group taken at Government House, Freetown, during the Prince of Wales's visit to Sierra Leone, en route for his triumphant reception at Cape Town. The Prince is seated between Lady Slater and the Governor, Sir A. R. Slater. The Mayor of Freetown and his dusky wife are seated at each end of the row

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King's Health

If any doubt remained as to the King's full restoration to health, it was dispelled by His Majesty's flying visit to Newmarket so soon after his return. The visit, I believe, was concerned not so much with racing, as with the King's desire to see for himself how his horses were doing after his absence abroad.

As a matter of fact the King recovered from his tiresome bronchial trouble much sooner than his doctors thought possible. During his visit to Palermo he braved wind and rain with no ill effect.

We all think that the sun shines perpetually in Sicily. But it doesn't. And when it rains in Palermo it comes down like walking-sticks.

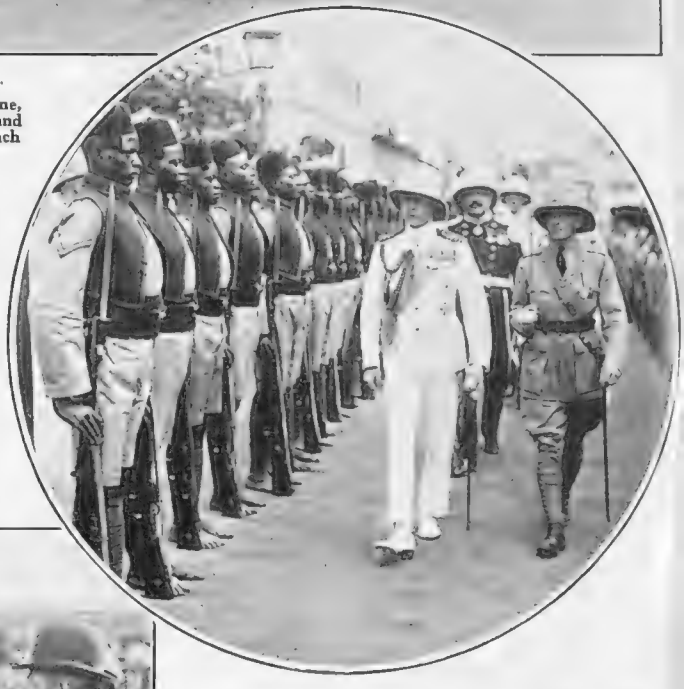
A Forgotten Tragedy

The Queen, I hear, was deeply interested during the Palermo visit in a shop which is run by Miss Delia Whitaker, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Whitaker, whose beautiful villa, Malptano, was visited twice by their Majesties. All the proceeds from the shop go to help the survivors, especially the children, of the horrible earthquake at Messina.

This is a tragedy which the greater horrors of the War have swept from the remembrance of most of us. But there are still children, who were discovered as babies amongst the devastation, to be educated and sent out into the world.

The Season

The King and Queen's return coincided with the actual beginning of the Season which—Socialists, Communists, and Labourites notwithstanding—opens with the re-assembling of Parliament after the Easter recess. Everybody is glad that their Majesties are back. And now, with the exception of the yearly visit to the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot for Whitsuntide, and the visit to Windsor for Ascot, the Court will be at Buckingham Palace until Goodwood and Cowes ring down the curtain once more on the summer round of gaieties, duties, and ceremonies.



Central News

INSPECTING THE GUARD IN GAMBIA

The Prince of Wales inspecting the Guard of Honour on his arrival at Bathurst. The troops are drawn from the West African Frontier Force

Central News

ROYALTY RACES

The King in the paddock at Newmarket during last week's meeting. With his Majesty is Mr. W. Jarvis, who has charge of the Royal stable

A Wise Provision

I wonder if the Lord Chamberlain's intimation that short dresses may be worn at the Courts, provided they are sufficiently wide to allow the making of the curtsey, will have any effect on the present fashion. Obviously, for a maid or matron—especially the matron of generous figure—to attempt a curtsey in a knee-long sheath would be tempting Providence and the resisting power of human stitches. Trains, too, are nowadays so skimpy that they could not be relied upon to conceal disaster.

Of course, maid or matron can do a "bob" in the tightest of skirts. But two deep curtseys to Majesty, one after the other, right down to the floor! Well, that is beyond the guarantee of any dressmaker.

Débutantes, matrons, and dressmakers, all three, I believe, are grateful for the order from the Lord Chamberlain's office,

WATCHING THEM ROUND *I. B.*

Spectators watching the racing from the grand stand at the Kildare and National Hunt Meeting at Punchestown In the centre foreground are Mrs. R. Ryan (left), Mme. Van Custen, Lady de Freyne and Lady Gormanston

L. N. A.

LORD POWERSCOURT AND LADY WELDON

PUNCHESTOWN PERSONALITIES

Some of those who attended that most popular of Irish fixtures, the Kildare and National Hunt Steeplechases at Punchestown last week

L. N. A.

PRESIDENT COSGRAVE AND LADY BRYAN MAHON

even if the débutantes and matrons don't wear their Court dresses afterwards.

Reaction

SPEAKING of clothes, I see distinct signs that the sailor-like trousers affected by the young men at Oxford and Cambridge, are spreading amongst young men of fashion in London.

We all think we are marvellously and wonderfully modern. But, bless you, we're not. We may have electric heaters for our baths; films, wireless, submarines and aeroplanes, and therefore think ourselves the last word—in fact the ultimate syllable. Yet in our clothes we just go on repeating history.

I told you some little time ago that women's clothes to-day were a replica of feminine garments—colour and material excepted—of those of the fourteenth century. Women then wore the "two-piece," and "three-piece" dress, with low necks, and no sleeves to speak of.

Now, here is another historical fact. So long as women wore long, flowing skirts, the men, unless they were in armour, wore robes to their feet. But when women took to wearing hoops in the sixteenth century men wore tights!

The hoop in one shape or another, sometimes small sometimes big, dominated feminine fashion from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the French Revolution. And throughout those three hundred years men's legs were clothed in a variety of tight-fitting garments. The variety ran from tights to breeches and stockings. But whatever the fashion, my point is this — so long as women wore hoops men showed the shape of their calves.

With the French Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, women bobbed their hair—it was called *la coiffure à la Titus*, and wore skin-tight dresses. Men's nether garments became astoundingly voluminous. If ever you go to the Musée Carnavalet in Paris, or come across any of Gillray's caricatures, you will see my point.

A PONY PARTY *W. A. Rouch*

A group in the children's pony class at the National Pony Society's Spring Show and Sale at Ranelagh

AWARDS AND FAIRIES *Alfieri*

Lord Wodehouse presenting an award to little Miss Jane Innes-Ker, at the National Pony Society's Show at Ranelagh

Abrahams

THE ARTILLERYMAN'S BISLEY

Lord Shaftesbury, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Dorset, presenting the King's Cup for gunnery to Lt.-Colonel W. H. Bridge, T.D., commanding the Dorset Heavy Brigade R.A., at Portland. The winning battery was under the command of Major J. J. Llewellin, M.C.

In the Next Century

NEXT came the crinoline. Men, by then, had forsaken breeches and stockings, but their trousers became tight-fitting, and strapped under the heel of the boot. Again they showed the shape of their calves. When the crinoline faded away, and straight up and down dresses were the vogue, the "peg-top" trousers came into fashion.

For fifty years women's dresses were straight to the ground, with no excrescences—if you except the "bustle" of the 1880's, and the trains of the early 1890's. All that time men's trousers were straight up and down, and they have been ever since. But now woman has taken to tight dresses, man has burst forth into plus-fours, and as women's dresses are growing even tighter it looks as if he is going to take to wider and wider nether garments.

How do you account for it? Look at a picture of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester—she all hoop and he all calves. Walk behind Edward and Angelina to-day down Bond Street. He looks skirted, and she looks as if she were walking in one trouser leg—and a short trouser at that.

An Echo of Other Days

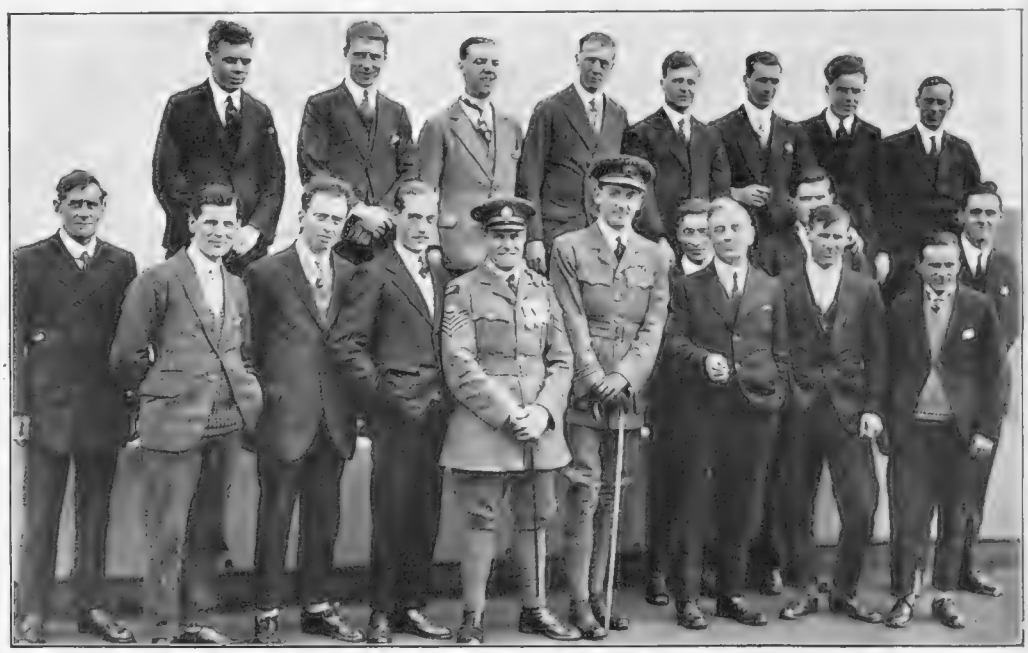
IF one is to believe all one hears, the ex-Kaiser William's yacht, *Meteor*, will once again sail against the King's racer, the *Britannia*. The *Meteor* was built because of the ex-Kaiser's envy of Cowes and all that Cowes stands for in our social system. Germany had nothing like it. He tried to prove German supremacy at Cowes with the *Meteor*, and to make a German Cowes at Kiel.

The *Meteor*, so the story goes, has been bought by Madame Heriot, a rich Frenchwoman, who is one of the few of her countrywomen who go in for yachting. She is said to have re-christened the *Meteor*. It is now *L'Aile*, but the ex-Kaiser's eagle—and gilded at that—still flaunts at the bow.

I wonder what has happened to the *Hohenzollern*, the former Imperial yacht, with its porcelain baths and silver door-handles to every Imperial cabin?

Coming-of-Age

IT is a year of comings-of-age. Lord Hamilton, the heir of the Duke of Abercorn, has been fêted in Northern Ireland, of which his father is the first Governor; and that ugly but most comfortable old house, Baron's Court, near Newtown Stewart, has been thronged with deputations making



A CREW WITH SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT *Topical*

Flight-Lieutenant Booth and the crew of the R33 on the roof of the Air Ministry, where they received official congratulations on their successful adventure. We hope they had some other amusements while they were in London

speeches, and bearing gifts. Then Lord Settrington, the Duke of Richmond's grandson and second heir, has received the gifts and good wishes of tenantry and neighbours all round about Fochabers in Banffshire, and around Goodwood.

There were great doings at Savernake for the festivities in connection with the coming-of-age of the Earl of Cardigan. These ought to have taken place in January, but the serious illness of his sister, Lady Ursula Brudenell-Bruce, from typhoid fever, caused their postponement for four months. And lo! just after the music, the congratulations, and the speeches were over, came the announcement that the heir to the Marquisate of Ailesbury had been married for a year to the beautiful daughter of one of our leading architects. And they have only just now gone away on their honeymoon in a two-seater car.

A FAMILY GATHERING *Layaytte*

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn and their family photographed outside Baron's Court, the family seat in Ireland, at the coming-of-age of their eldest son, the Marquis of Hamilton

This week there will be great doings at Powis Castle near Welshpool for the coming-of-age of Lord Clive, the heir to the Earl of Powis. A note of tragedy lies behind this coming-of-age. Twelve years ago there were festivities on the Powis estates in Shropshire and Montgomeryshire for the coming-of-age of the present Lord Clive's elder brother. Three years afterwards he died of wounds received in the War.

Lord Clive's only sister, Lady Hermione Herbert, married the Duke della Grazia, the heir to Prince Campofranco, last year.

The Opera

THE opera season at Covent Garden which opens on May 18 is, I understand, being supported by three rich men who believe in the future of grand opera in England. The reproach is continually made against us that grand opera does not pay in London; and New York, Paris, Vienna and Berlin are held up to us as examples. But in the three last capitals the State subsidises the opera houses, and in New York a group of music-loving millionaires do the same thing.

There will be no Saturday evening performances, a wise concession to the week-end habit. The new syndicate, which is not hampered or restricted in its choice of singers by the professional rivalry of other singers, as was the case with the pre-War syndicate, has engaged some dozen British artistes, amongst them Miss Margherita Sheridan and Mr. Francis Russell, the Welsh tenor who started life in a colliery. A newcomer to London will be Maria Jeritza, a soprano who has made a big success in America and on the Continent.

The Newest Amusement

LAST year treasure-hunting was the engrossing amusement of a particular band amongst the *jeunesse dorée*. That was quite harmless except when some of their number exceeded the speed limit in their anxiety to follow up clues. This year the same band of young people have reverted to a form of diversion which was extremely popular with their double great-grandfathers. They have gone in for practical joking.

Apparently they spare no pains or expense in carrying out this one-sided amusement. We are told—every day and in

THE ORDEAL BY CAMERA *Bassano*

Captain Alastair Campbell (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) and his bride, Miss Aileen Emmet, the Countess of Denbigh's niece, at the wedding reception

Vandyk

IN THE FAIRWAY TO HAPPINESS

Mr. Roger Wethered the well-known golfer, and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Cavendish-Bentinck, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, photographed after their marriage

MISS BLANCHE FERGUSON
Winner of the fourth prize. She is the eldest daughter of Sir John Ferguson

Photographs *Hay Wrightson*

LADY WALPOLE
The wife of Sir Charles Walpole, wore a beautiful flower-patterned shawl

every way — that the times are decadent. But doesn't this return to the most primitive form of humour suggest an almost rustic exuberance of spirits amongst the youth of Mayfair? Pretty little lambs!

I wonder if in those off-times when they are not planning elaborate practical jokes for the annoyance, or public embarrassment, or mortification of their friends and acquaintances, they keep their hands in, as it were, at home? Do they put cobbler's wax on all the chairs when their parents are giving a dinner-party; plant holly in their grandmother's bedroom slippers; make an apple-pie bed for the cook, and pin a label on the butler's back, "This lot must be cleared, no offer refused"?

MISS DOLLY DAVILA, MISS JUNE CHILD, AND MRS. DE PENA

SOCIETY AND SHAWLS

Some of the shawl-wearers at the "Feast of Shawls" Ball at Claridge's last Wednesday, in aid of the Crippled Children's Hospital at Plaistow. After the somewhat inconvenient ballrooms had become considerably crowded, there was an unmannequin-ish parade of shawls that was most entertaining

The Policeman's Mistake

THERE is a lady whose hospitality and the number of her friends are hugely disproportionate to the size of her house. A little time ago she gave a party. The guests were so many and the hall and staircase were so small that a crowd of people stood at the door waiting to squeeze their way in.

A policeman passing on his beat, apparently thought that something was up, for he began to elbow his way through the waiting guests

"Move on, there!" he said to an elderly dame, who stood solidly in his way. "Move on! You're causing an obstruction!"

"How can I move on," she retorted, "when I'm trying to get into a party?"

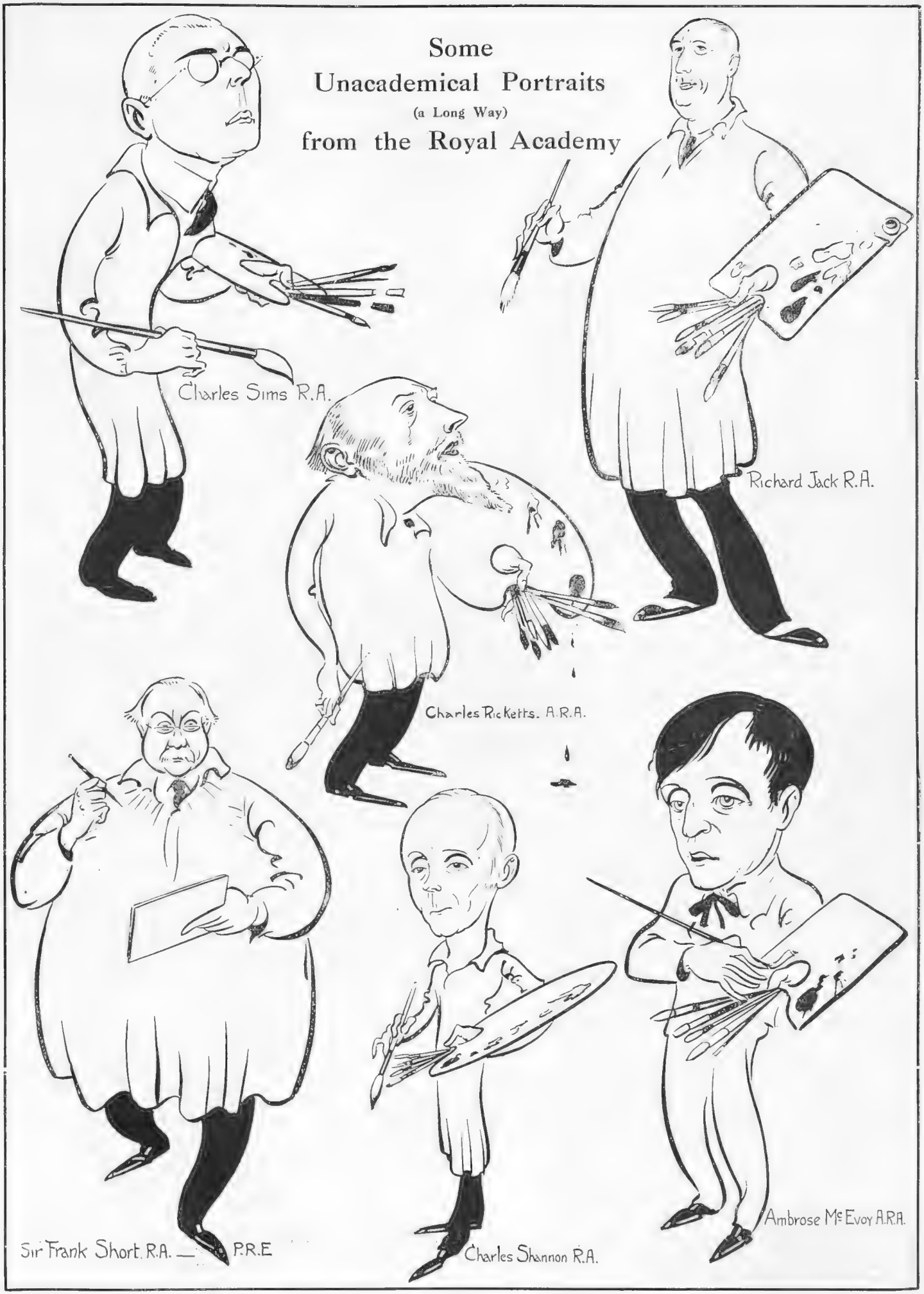
A Wimbledon Pageant

AN interesting pageant will be performed in June in the grounds of Wimbledon Park House. The original house, which dated from the time of Elizabeth, was destroyed in the eighteenth century, but the grounds have been left practically untouched. Mr. Patrick Kirwan, who produced the Arundel and Harlech Pageants, has dramatised various incidents in the history of the ancient mansion, and will likewise produce the pageant. One of the scenes will be the review by George III of the Volunteers, who will be represented by the officers and men of the East Surrey Territorial Regiment. It should be an interesting spectacle.

Some Unacademical Portraits

(a Long Way)

from the Royal Academy



BY HYNES

Our cartoonist's impressions of some prominent Academicians in the garments they did *not* wear on Private View Day at Burlington House

Pictorial Echoes from the World of

Photo Illus.

A WELCOME INVADER

Miss Glena Collett, one of the "big noises" in the American golfing world, who is now in this country. She has entered for the Ladies' Golf Championship which starts at Troon on May 18

ALL THE WINNERS *Sport and General*

The Middlesex team who just beat Surrey in the final of the Ladies' Inter-County Hard Court Championship at Felixstowe by five matches to four. The group shows: Miss E. R. Clarke (left), Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Miss K. McKane, Mrs. Beamish, Miss E. M. Head and Miss P. Saunders

GOING ALL OUT *Photopress*

Lord Louis Mountbatten's new racing motor-boat, Shadow II, being put through her paces at Southampton. This craft, which has a guaranteed speed of fifty miles per hour, is fitted with a 450 h.p. Liberty engine

Sport and General

"WHAT WE GAIN ON THE SWINGS——"

Mr. R. H. Hardman, who took part in the English Amateur Golf Championship at Hoylake. He reached the fifth round, in which he lost to Mr. H. L. Holden, by 3 and 2

Sport and General

A "COUNTY" AFFAIR AT ST. GEORGE'S HILL

Some of the competitors in the Spring and Championship Meeting of the Surrey Ladies' County Golf Club, snapped before going into action. The photograph shows: Mrs. Crombie (left), Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Heriot Glen, Mrs. Steedman, Mrs. Clapham, Mrs. Davenport and Miss Liversidge

Sport as Caught in Town and Country

Sport and General

AT THE "NINETEENTH"

Some of the competitors in the Spring Meeting of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines Golfing Society on the steps of the club-house. The meeting, which was well supported, was held last week over the West Hill course

A. W. Fielder

ONE DOWN, TWO TO GO

Two of the competitors in the Royal Canoe Club's race, held in Teddington Reach, avoiding a less successful rival. The capsized canoe, Mr. Campkin's "Tritonette," had the dubious distinction of being the first casualty of the season

Sport and General

A WELCOME "SQUASH" AT THE BATH CLUB

C. Arnold of the Bath Club (left) and "Oke" Johnson of the R.A.C., who played a professional exhibition squash rackets match at the Bath Club last week. Arnold proved victorious by three games to one

MOTLEY MUSINGS

With the advent of the cricket season we are sure to be inundated with a flood of statistics. We confidently expect to read in July that "the famous bat, Mr. X, to-day completed his 1,000th Guiness for the season."

. . . . .

It is good to see that distinguished artist, Mr. James Pryde, out and about again after his accident. In this case it seems that Pryde goes *after* a fall.

. . . . .

Mr. Robert Smillie says he has spent as much mental energy in a week in a mine as he has in eighteen months in the House of Commons. We've noticed it.

. . . . .

Sportsmen who lament the present dearth of light-weight champions might spot a few among our coal merchants.

. . . . .

At Hampstead I rode to "The Spaniards,"
But my nag simply stopped when he'd ran yards;
Now, some dealers I met,
With the aid of a vet.,
Are bidding for him in their tan-yards!

. . . . .

Extract from a provincial paper: "And Eugene Aram walked along with chives upon his wrists." Surely this is carrying vegetarianism too far.

. . . . .

Jones *secundus*, a wireless enthusiast, wants to know how Shakspeare's Ariel fared in the tempest.

. . . . .

To-day's imperishable reflection: If you want to cut a long tale short, you haven't got to shingle it!

To One who Should be "Hung"

Edward, these few condolences of mine,
Accept, I pray you, though you feel like sloshing
Those who refused to hang upon the line
Your picture, "Washing."

I deem those judges who declined it cheats,
They who don't know your work is good as Titian's,
Are merely fit to spray tar on our streets
(Macademicians!)

Though the Committee should reject a dud,
And very rightly chuck pictorial tosh out,
It fell upon me with a thickening sud,
Yours was a wash-out!

I know your feelings—how you'd like to baste
Their cerebellums with a croquet mallet;
Yet though your picture does not please their taste,
It suits my palette!

So, after all, do not lose heart, my lad;
Be of good cheer, and next year try again, Ted;
Remember, things are rarely quite as bad
As they are painted!

. . . . .

A perfect little gentleman has just been fined for kissing a girl at a dance. He seems to have been attempting to get honey by valse pretences.

By Edwin Morrow

A WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Sculptor (contemplating his rejected): "I don't know why they chucked it out"

Carter's Man: "*Why* they chucked it out? '*Ow* they chucked it out, yer mean!"

A concert given last week by certain London telephone operators was a great success. The lady who sang "I Hear You Calling Me" brought down the house, while a spirited rendering of "Ring Out, Wild Bells," was cordially received.

. . . . .

We read that a member of a Norwich club has used the same billiard cue for forty years. That appears to be a tip worth passing on.

. . . . .

A resident at Sevenoaks, who was to have been married last Saturday, was carried on by the train a long way down the line. Annoying, perhaps, but we have little sympathy with people who marry below their own station.

. . . . .

Some think that the extremists of the Socialist Party will be in power within eighteen months. Even then they will never have a "working" majority

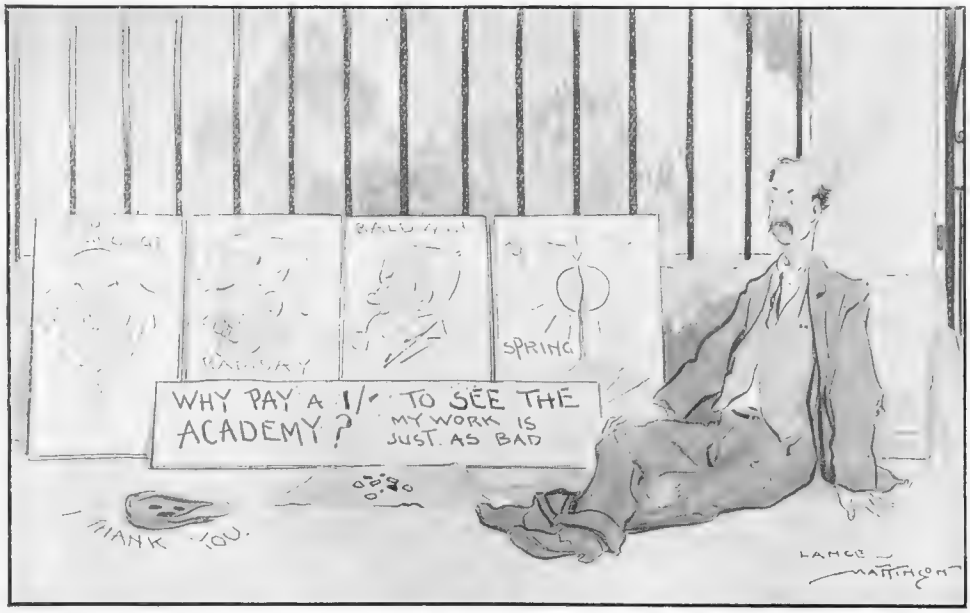
. . . . .

It would be as well if those anglers, who habitually boast of the roach and bream they catch, occasionally came off their perch.

. . . . .

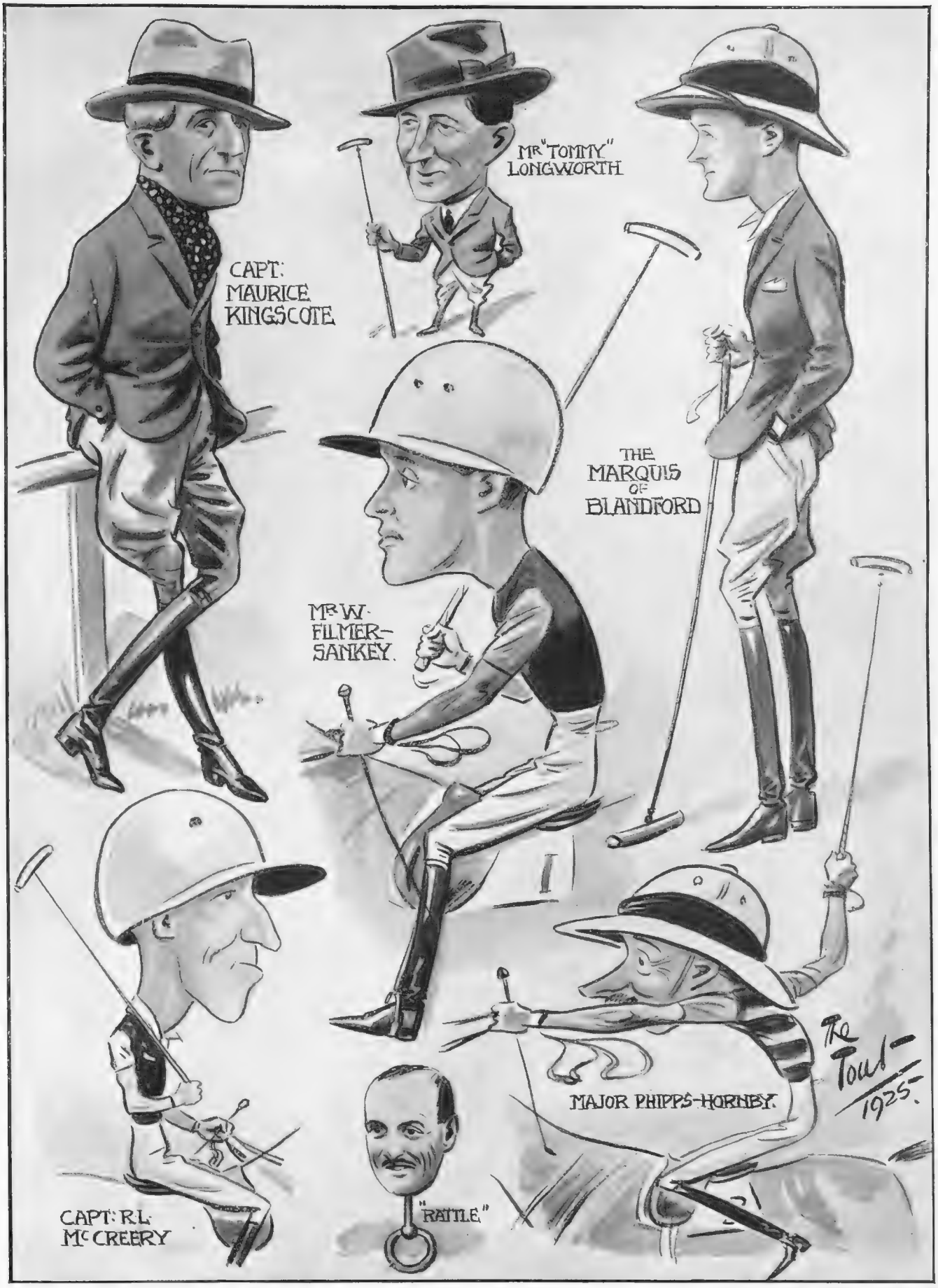
Answer to Correspondent.—So far as we know, Handel's "Largo" Beer has never been put on the market.

HARTLEY CARRICK



ANOTHER JOB FOR A HANGING COMMITTEE By Lance Mattinson

"We are Seven"

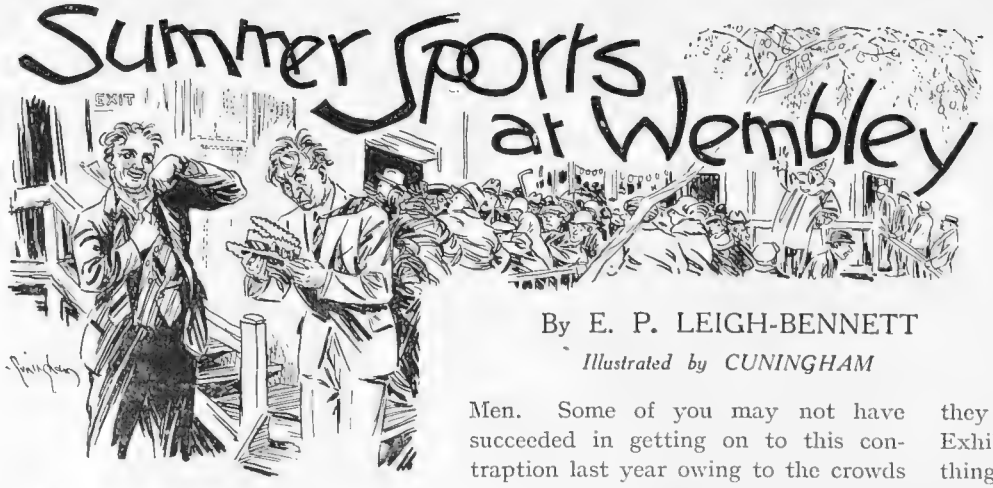


BY "THE TOUT"

A PAGE OF WELL-KNOWN POLO PERSONALITIES

Captain Kingscote, who is the Hon. Secretary of the Cirencester Polo Club, was tried last year for England, whilst Major Phipps-Hornby played for this country against America last year, and Mr. Longworth is a champion down Cheltenham way. The Marquis of Blandford and Mr. Filmer-Sankey are both crack players, and Capt. McCreery is a hard hitter who is well-known over the sticks. "Rattle" is, of course, the Peter Pan of Polo

Summer Sports at Wembley



By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

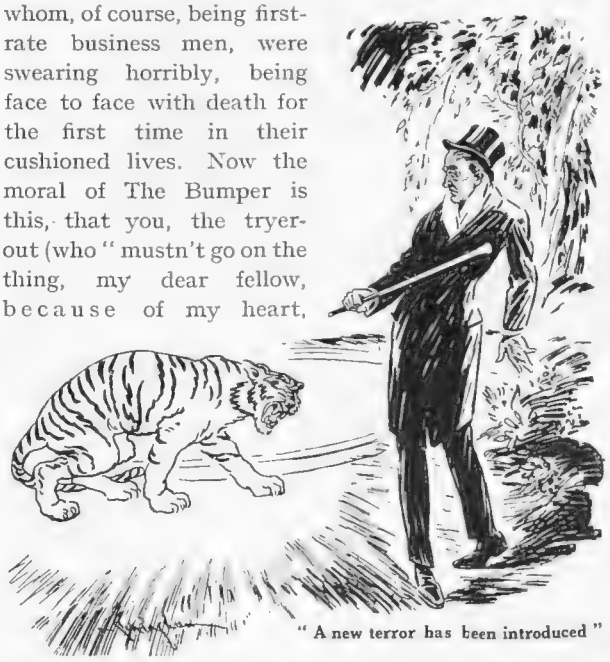
Illustrated by CUNINGHAM

THE whole force and purport of Wembley to most people is the Amusement Park, and its summer sports.

There are, of course, a few hundred thousand misguided people who have never reached the Amusement Park; this is because faint but pursuing, they have fallen by the wayside after their pilgrimage through palaces of industry and pavilions of proficiency, and arid wastes of that sort. And in any case they only represent a small minority of the Wembleyites, and don't cut any ice anyway, as the American visitors put it so aptly. However, they will have an opportunity of cutting some ice this year, because there is going to be a real ice run for them to do it on. What else they will cut remains to be seen—and it doesn't interest me because my people don't approve of my "taking undue risks," as they call it. So I never do.

What does interest me about the sports and games of Wembley is the opportunities the Park offers (I have never seen anything less like a park, by the way) for experimental purposes, for solving problems and trying things out. For instance, you have a rather troublesome Aunt with pronounced views, which are not your views, and an unseemly large income, which is not yours—yet. She has another nephew, on the distaff side of the family, who is another runner in the same race. The thing to do is to get them both into the Amusement Park one fine night and manœuvre her towards the Heaven and Heliopolis Switchback. You then wedge her and the hated rival into the front seat, yourself taking up a complacent, albeit very observant position, immediately behind. If, when death appears to be rushing up at her from the bottomless pit, she instinctively turns to clutch at *you*, crying, "Oh, Hugo! Hugo!" it will be fairly safe to raise another mortgage on what is coming to you; not otherwise.

Then there is, of course, the Bull and Bear Bump Basket For Business Men. Some of you may not have succeeded in getting on to this contraption last year owing to the crowds of super-taxers who fought for places on it. But the Bull and Bear Bumper is a very good place to try out the nerve and get at the real personality of the man with whom you contemplate in the near future a highly speculative gamble: he to put up two-thirds of the money. The basket, you may remember, oscillated perilously over watery ravines and precipitous places in the gloom, and when it wasn't doing that it was being bumped round corners, swung from an aerial ropeway above, and approaching imminent collision with the occupants of other baskets—all of whom, of course, being first-rate business men, were swearing horribly, being face to face with death for the first time in their cushioned lives. Now the moral of The Bumper is this, that you, the tryer-out (who "mustn't go on the thing, my dear fellow, because of my heart, y'know") stand under a strong arc lamp and wait for your victim to emerge through the exit turnstiles. If, on approaching you, he smiles genially and says, "Great stunt, that; I was frightened out of my seven senses and don't mind admitting it; but thanks for putting me on to it"—make him concede you a half share and not a third in the gamble. If, on the other hand, his face is grey and he begins "Con*found* you, sir, I didn't come here to be played the fool with . . ." back out of the deal at the first available moment of vacillation.



"A new terror has been introduced"

Another advantage of the sports ground at Wembley (not to be confused with the Stadium, where engaged couples watch the fireworks from afar off, and say "o-o-oh!" in the intervals) is that it is the only place in the Metropolis where you can swiftly and adroitly lose the Deadhead. Everyone knows the purgatory entailed by the Deadhead—or Wet Blanket—at the party. He, or she, trail about with you and do nothing but contribute negatives to all cheery proposals. If not so engaged they invariably want to peer into Exhibit No. 3076, Stand G ("the one thing I *must* see; you don't mind, do you?") in the Expanse of Engineering, when you and the others are absorbed in the contemplation of the Lace Makers from Lapland, which is about three-quarters of a mile away. The Deadhead who Disapproves and Gets in the Way, is a perfect curse, and must be piloted to the Wiggle-Woggle, or the Water Chute, at the earliest possible moment. Arrived at the maelstrom of merriment, you mingle with the crowd pulsating at the gates of the Wiggle-Woggle, and see to it that the Deadhead pushes towards the pay-box slightly ahead of you. Then you slide off into the darkness in the rear of matters—and the rest of the night is yours.

On getting home, or over the telephone in the morning, you say, in an aggrieved voice, "I say, where on *earth* did you get to? We hunted high and low for you—quite spoilt our evening—oh, did you? Well, we were just behind you—'strordinry thing: well it can't be helped—but it wasn't *our* fault; your ealise that, I hope?" This is a certain winner every time—but, of course, you have done it yourself—be honest now.

Oh, yes, Wembling in the Park is a great sport, if only it brings to the surface that pent up hilarity that must be latent in all Englishmen; and that mad recklessness in shilling spending that seems latent in all Scotsmen directly they pass the Amusement portals.

A new terror has, I understand, been introduced into Wembley this year. Plaster of Paris animals, with electrically lit insides, will roam stealthily about on the walls after dinner. The innate good taste and delicacy of feeling of my Editor restrains me from telling you what will happen to some people as they emerge from the Luculli of 1925.

But I can leave you with a couple of guesses on the subject, can't I?

"All on a Summer's Day"

BY E. T. REED

Our artist, in pessimistic mood, has not responded with any noticeable joie de vivre to our request for something "summery" for our Summer Sports Number. But perhaps, after all, he *has*! Perish the thought!

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES 1925

THE first impression left by this year's exhibition at Burlington House is that there is no outstanding picture. I think that even the youngest and most imaginative of critics will have difficulty in bestowing

SYRINX
BY WILLIAM McMILLAN, A.R.A.

the laurels—in lofty headlines—of "Picture of the Year" upon any particular painting. And, as if to emphasize the absence of what may be called the Academy's annual attraction, the place of honour at the end of Gallery III is occupied by a portrait of Lord Ampthill, painted by Sir Arthur Cope for the Grand Lodge of Freemasons.

One picture, "Man versus Beast (Paris)," by Sir William Orpen, will certainly raise discussion. A monkey is apparently conducting the performance of a dancing Polar bear before an audience of debased and repellent people at a fair in some Parisian *ban-lieue*. What it all means is obscure, but the picture suggests one of Mr. Noel Coward's plays with the humour left out. Sir William is happier in his five portraits of men, each strong and characteristic. That of the Marquis of Bath is perhaps the strongest.

It is a study in black, white and blue. The blue velvet robes of the Garter are arranged as a background—most effectively. Lord Bath is in evening dress with knee-breeches, the ribbon of the Garter making a splash of colour across his white shirt front. The Garter itself repeats the note of blue on his black stocking. A masterly portrait, this.

Another man's portrait which will interest both lovers of racing and lovers of good pictures is Sir John Lavery's "Stephen Donoghue." It is brilliant in colouring, and shows the great little jockey as he is about to go on to the scales. Close by is a charming picture, "Apple Green," by Stanley Cursiter, a *tour de force* in the painting of reflections. A girl, holding a big bowl of tulips, stands beside a mirror. Behind her is a table on which is a bowl of green apples and a pile of green-bound books. All is repeated in the mirror.

Amongst the women's portraits a doubly sad interest is attached to Sargent's dazzling "Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston." Mr. Richard Jack's "Nicola Blake" is a beautiful piece of painting, and Mr. I. M. Cohen's "Patricia" shows a lovely girl in a mauve cloak looking over her shoulder. The graceful hands are particularly noticeable.

Then there is Mr. Archibald Barnes's portrait of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall's only daughter, Priscilla, a fascinating child in a bright green riding jacket and coloured muffler.

I found "Freshness of Morning," by Mr. Harry Watson, most happily named. The swirling water of a river is flecked with the dappled light falling through trees. It is a world of early morning green. There is the same feeling of the open-air in "On the Moors," by Mr. Harold S. Power.

There are not so many Futuristic pictures as in the last two exhibitions, and those that have been hung are not quite so grotesque as usual. Beyond the portrait of Lady Cowdray in a Queen Anne dress—and pince-nez—by Mr. John M. Aiken, there are very few large pictures.

FRANK HIRD

STEPHEN DONOGHUE
BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

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SAINT ANTHONY
BY J. C. DOLLMAN

ON THE MOORS
BY H. S. POWER

(Copyright reserved for Artist or Owner by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of "Royal Academy Illustrated")

APPLE GREEN
BY STANLEY CURSITER

MISS NICOLA BLAKE
BY RICHARD JACK, R.A.

THE MARQUIS OF BATH
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

(Copyright reserved for Artist or Owner by Walter Judd,

PATRICIA
BY ISAAC M. COHEN

PRISCILLA WEIGALL
BY ARCHIBALD BARNES

FRESHNESS OF MORNING
BY HARRY WATSON

Ltd., publishers of "Royal Academy Illustrated")

NEW SERIES

GOLFING GLOOMS

I.—THOSE CLUBS

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS

No golfer who has ever waggled his wretched body upon a tee has yet been known to possess a bag of clubs every one of which was entirely suited to his infirmities of purpose.

True, you do sometimes meet a man who proves that there is an exception to this rule; but he is the one who has had all his clubs stolen out of the dickey of the car. On the occasions when you do meet this "red-eyed mourner" his collection is, of course, absolutely beyond price, as men count mere money. Without any one of those weapons he cannot begin to attempt to play down to anything approaching his handicap, and may just as well give up the game, is, indeed, seriously thinking of doing so—"what's the good . . . ?"

But, generally speaking, in a collection of ten or twelve there is invariably "a dud," which everybody can use with marked effect except you. The owner is pondering a shot. You point to a club-head in the bag that would seem just the one for the lie and distance.

"Oh, that? No-o-o, I can't use *that* thing, never could."

It remains forlornly rattling in the bag against the heads of the others, and it is cleaned continuously and contemptuously by caddies, but its owner hardly ever glances at it, and the roots of nice, fat, irreplaceable divots know it not.

You rather like the look of it: it has that pipe figure stamped into the steel and is marked "special, hand forged," so it must be good. Waiting on a tee, between epithets about other people, you extract it and flick it about. You make him an offer for it, a low one. No, he won't sell; assures you that it is no good. After which he will use it surreptitiously for a shot or two, and then blame it and you bitterly for the result. But there it remains, unhonoured and unused—a dud.

After years of search I have got a perfect set of clubs—except the driver, which is too light; and the heavy iron which is too heavy for anyone short of a Hagen—and yet when I finger other people's clubs, in pro.'s shops and places where they tell the tale, I am vastly intrigued always at the feel and balance of the other fellow's, which seem incomparably better than mine. This is the sort of thing that goes on:

"Hullo! Gosh! this is a peach of a club. Where did you get this?"

"That one?" (*casually*) "which is that? Oh, the number two iron—ah! I got that made specially by the pro. here—don't bang it about, old man. I wouldn't take a fiver for it; makes the whole difference to me, that club does."

You must have one like this, and at once. (*To the Pro.*): "Look here, Mackillicuddie, I want one the exact spit of this one of Mr. Whatnot's that you made for him, see?"

And when next week he picks it off the bench all new and glittering, you and five old balls depart joyfully with it to some other place. *Now* you have got a club, something that will—but no, you haven't! This is nothing like Whatnot's. This is a pig of a thing. There is no "feel," no balance, nothing. Where is Whatnot?

"You make him an offer for it"

You lead him protesting from the bar to his locker. You compare the two. It "seems to him" all right. To you it seems a travesty of a thing. It goes into your locker, and there it stays; and the pro. banks yet another fifteen and sixpence. And so it goes on.

Then there comes the day when the word goes round, "no caddies." You usually hear this death-knell from the smug lips of a man who hoggishly cut by you in his over-oiled car on the Portsmouth Road, and has got the last two. You believe he is a profiteer; he is not nice to know, anyway. The awful moment of decision with the light canvas bag (splitting at the bottom) and the few clubs has arrived. There are ten shilling corners on the four-ball match, to say nothing of side bets, and it is as hot as Hades in the sun.

Now which? The driver, of course—yes, the heavy one, can't be helped, must have that, you are "on" your drive just now. Brassie? (Buggins won't give you any brassie lies, probably—but mustn't risk it.) Cleek? Nodamfear. Both irons? No. Light or heavy? Li——heav—M'm—— Light; it's safer, and lighter. Mashie-niblick? No—a deef-faced mashie will do. Spoon? Er—no. Rye-necked putter? No! Shallow-faced Glen-eagles putter? Ye—*no*. Old wooden putter? Greens are fierce, yes. Niblick? Ra-ther: these cursed bunkers: badly placed, all of 'em. Sammy or Jigger? Sammy saved your bacon last week—or was it the jigger? Can't remember. Can't take both, better have the jigger, better club altogether. Righto. That's the lot: hell of a weight they are, too: badly organised club, this: no caddies: absurd. . . .

Well, you know what happens. At the crucial ninth a mashie-niblick was the only possible club for that approach shot—they all said so. At the lethal twelfth Buggins says resignedly: "You wanted a *heavy* iron there, ol' man, to clear this bunker," as he descends to its depths glumly.

No matter which clubs you have chosen, *all* the others were of vital importance—and you are £4 down on the day. It is not the Royal and Ancient that governs our game. It is those clubs of ours: curse them, how I love them!

NEXT WEEK—

No. II.—THAT HOLE

Making Game

BY ALFRED LEETE

"GREAT SCOTT! DO YOU PLAY *THAT* COMIC GAME?"

YOUNG ENGLAND'S OPPORTUNITY

AS SIGHTED THROUGH THE LAWN-TENNIS PERISCOPE. By H. S. S.

H. W. AUSTIN

"IT takes seven years to make a champion." This was the dictum of a well-known lawn tennis player of a bye-gone age who was himself a champion. It may perhaps be described in the language of commerce as a conservative estimate, yet it serves as a wholesome corrective to those who seem to think that anyone who has earned the epithet "budding" will blossom into a full-blown champion in the course of a season. Why, even the great Tilden himself has taken several years to climb to the very top of his present pinnacle of undisputed supremacy!

THE War left English lawn tennis with a group of players of both sexes at the head of it who had reached their zenith, and the course of events soon proved that that zenith was not quite high enough for International and Wimbledon purposes. We felt instinctively that England's hope for the future lay in her young players, and for the time being there seemed to be but few young players capable of filling the bill. This was more particularly noticeable (was it in the circumstance to be wondered at?) in the case of our boys. Of our girls, three at least have made good. Miss McKane, who made her first "hit" at Roehampton in 1919, has gone steadily ahead ever since, and is now the lady champion, although she may not be the best lady player in the world. We all know to whom that title at present belongs. Mrs. Covell (Miss Phyllis Howkins) and Mrs. Shepherd-Barron (Miss D. C. Shepherd) have also moved up into the front row.

BUT my periscope is concerned not so much with these exceptions—otherwise I might also mention exceptions among our young men—as with players who are even younger than they. Over these I think we have all, and particularly the Press, been in a little too much of a hurry. This is an age of hustle, and our young people themselves, with their heads a little turned by what they have read about themselves in the papers, have perhaps been in a little too much of a hurry, too.

I AM not going to take a header into the sea of doubt as to whether we order our lawn tennis affairs here in England in the best manner for the development of rising talent. Taking things as we find them—which means that the learner has not had his learning made particularly easy for him, and that a lot therefore has depended upon himself—we are entitled to believe that the development of our youngsters is going on satisfactorily. It is one thing to emerge from the ruck, as some of these young people

NIGEL SHARPE

J. H. WHEATCROFT

MISS JOAN FRY

C. S. HIGGINS

H. K. LESTER

MISS C. HARDIE

N. H. LATCHFORD

did as far back as three, and even four seasons ago, and quite another to climb to the top. The schoolboy champion of to-day will never be the champion of to-morrow. Physique tells in lawn tennis as much as it does in other athletic games, and the schoolboy and the schoolgirl must be allowed time to develop their limbs and their muscles, as well as their strokes, before they can compete on terms of real equality with grown men and women.

THE post-War years have produced but one British champion in Singles play. My contention has always been that they were unlikely to do even that. (They would hardly have done so had not "Suzanne" retired from the lists last year.) All the booming to which our young players have been subjected has no doubt served its journalistic purpose, but it has been too premature. The public has been rather led up the garden by the young man in a hurry who sets out from Fleet Street in search of a "story" that will please his editor. The arrival of young England's opportunity has thus been considerably ante-dated.

IT is just about due this season. The boys and girls about whom we began to talk somewhere about 1921 or 1922 are due now to begin to do things that really matter. It will be a crucial season for English lawn tennis. England's opportunity has come to those who have now grown, or have nearly grown, old enough to grasp it, and there are already thus early in the season, signs that they are not going to disappoint us. Equally gratifying is the fact that our young men seem fully as capable of doing things as our young women. Long lists of names are always tedious and therefore I shall only refer to the recent doings of H. W. Austin and his sister, Mrs. Lycett, of H. K. Lester, the Cambridge Blue, Nigel Sharpe, Miss Fry, Miss Ridley, Miss Reid-Thomas, and Miss C. Hardie in support of what I have said. These young players and a good many more will be knocking at the door of championship and International lawn tennis before they are very much older. England was bound to have a lean time as long as her older players either remained *in statu quo* or else had begun to lose ground, and her young players were not yet fully ripe for the gaining of it. We may hope that henceforth there will be a steady stream of "refills" as one generation of young players after another arrives at maturity.

Photographs by Sport and General

Cricket on the Green

by A. A. Thomson

Illustrated by H. M. BROCK

You put on your very glossy silk hat and march, head erect, along St. John's Wood Road. You hear the merry click of the turnstiles as you make your way towards the Members' Enclosure. The bell clangs joyously. The crowd on the sward thins. The country parson with his boys scurries towards the railings. Grey-trousered men appear from nowhere and take away the roped stakes that protect the pitch. There is a fluttering of blazers on the balcony. The visitors are coming out to field. (Yes, the tall one is Woolley.) Big Dales and little Lee converge from their separate doors. You lean back with a sigh of perfect contentment. That is cricket.

At least, that is what you call cricket. But, frankly, we in Steeple Thatchby are not impressed. It is not that we actually despise you, of course. Indeed, if you would come down and drink an honest pint with us at "The Jolly Cricketers," we should listen with polite attention while you told us how Jessop put a slow one from Wilfrid Rhodes through the pavilion clock at Cheltenham in 1906. That feat, we should maintain, was as nothing to the stroke with which Sam Beedle once hit a ball down the chimney of Tolliver's Farm, where Mr. Tolliver's grandfather lay stricken with paralysis, and, imagining the ball to be a thunderbolt, leaped from his bed and tore out across the cricket-field, trouserless, but cured of paralysis for ever. Or so we should tell you.

As man to man, we should explain to you that Lord's was all very well in its way; that we had "hern tell" of Hobbs and Sutcliffe, who were, no doubt, charming people as far as they went, but that cricket—as you might call it cricket, like—was to be found at its purest and noblest only on the green at Steeple Thatchby. What is Lord's, at best? A large extent of turf entirely surrounded by a lot of quite uninteresting stands and things. Nothing exciting. Nothing decorative. Now the *entourage* of the Steeple Thatchby ground is unique. The swinging sign of the post-office is just behind the bowler's arm. On the long-leg boundary, under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands. If you get a slow full-toss on the leg-side, which, naturally, is what you pray for every night, you can generally tonk it on to the smithy roof. (The smith, a choleric man, will go for the fieldsman, not you.)

Further round is the pond. We have our code of etiquette about this. It is considered bad form to hit more than one ball per match into the pond. This limit was once grossly exceeded by a curate from a neighbouring parish, who successively submerged each of the six balls of his first over. Muscular Christianity is all very well, but (we felt) six sixes in one over, even if the bowler is not sober, savours of vulgar ostentation. We wrote to his Bishop about it. Besides, we had to finish the match with a golf ball.

"If you run backwards to catch a high ball"

At long-off the geography is slightly complicated. On your right is the bar-parlour window of "The Jolly Cricketers" and on your left (behind you) is the churchyard. Now this is where you have to be careful. If you run backwards to catch a high ball you will go head over heels into the ditch, which is only humorous if you belong to a visiting team. If you want to catch a real skier, your best plan is to turn round, run across the footbridge, slip through the vestry door and pounce out on the ball as it comes past the lychgate. Indeed, it is recorded that once an excitable and vigorous young fieldsman, in order to intercept a high drive, leaped clean over the ditch, churchyard-wall and all. Now our sexton, a worthy man, was digging at the time. . . . But I do not believe the rest of the story myself.

It is probably in our actual pitch that we differ most from Lord's. The wicket at Lord's usually resembles an evening-shirt front. If it doesn't, Middlesex get out for sixty, and the London papers say that Parkin's action is unfair. The wicket (they say) was fiery, causing Hearne to display more than his customary caution—seven in two hours and forty minutes. Fiery! Shades of Spofforth! Why, every ball bowled on our pitch is fiery. You do not know (and the bowler does not know) whether any particular ball will leap over the wicket-keeper's head, shoot twelve yards and break the off-stump, pop down a rabbit-hole at first slip, or kill a dog on the boundary.

On a wicket like ours, Hearne would need barbed-wire and entrenching tools. Even then. . . . You have never seen Tate or Kilner take three wickets with one ball, but that is what Ephraim Pepperwort did last Saturday. The enemy's eight and nine were batting. Ephraim delivered a snorter to number nine, bowling him neck and crop, and rebounding with terrific force against the square-leg umpire, who happened (as sometimes occurs) to be their number ten. He fell over like a log, knocked clean out. At this sight, which was very funny, their number eleven, who was sitting on the heavy roller, laughed so much that he fell over backwards and broke his collar-bone, so that the disgruntled number eight carried out his bat, perforce.

Yes, Mr. Gilligan, we could show you a thing or two in Steeple Thatchby.

"How's That?"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

CLOCK CRICKET—A NEW AND EXCITING SUMMER GAME FOR THE SEASIDE

"IF SUMMER DON'T"—A FEW SPORTING SUGGESTION

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ONS FOR OUR CONSISTENTLY INCONSISTENT CLIMATE

When East Meets West in the Game of Games

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

Mr. Lionel Edwards's happy impression of a stirring game between Indian and English teams is opportune in view of the presence here of the Maharajah of Jodhpur's brilliant side. The visit of the Indian team will be one of the most attractive features of the London polo season

TWENTIETH CENTURY ANTIQUES.

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED LEETE

A FEW nights ago, after a Lenten supper washed down by a strange teetotal beverage, I had a dreadful dream accompanied by pressure on the breast and a feeling of powerlessness to move or speak. When I woke, streaming with perspiration, I sighed with deep satisfaction at finding myself in 1925, and presently made some notes in a book that lies on a table by my bed.

From those notes, made while the nightmare was still vivid to me, I have compiled what I believe to be a truthful echo of what I read in my sleep. For, I hasten to explain, the horrors I had endured were to do with books and reading, as if I had not enough of such things in my working hours.

I dreamed that I was in Hell and had been there for two hundred years. Beelzebub, himself, was a little anxious about my health, and I heard him whisper more than once to an attendant demon that if I were not tortured with less vigour, and, above all for shorter periods, I would slip through their fingers. This part of the dream was explained by the fact that I was paying daily visits to the dentist.

Some relief came, then, when Beelzebub roughly ordered me back to earth for a brief holiday. I cannot recall how I got there or what happened to me on my arrival. I just remember being intensely unhappy—(this part of the dream was explained by the fact that I had been forced to visit London on that very day)—and being driven by the look in people's eyes to take shelter in a public library. Here I picked up a magazine, dated March, 2125, and read through an article on the subject of "Twentieth Century Antiques." This part of my dream was explained by the fact that I had bought a genuine Jacobean sideboard in London on that day, genuine because the dealer thought it was not.

Now, I can't pretend to reproduce this article with absolute accuracy, but, with the aid of the notes made red-hot after the expiration of the nightmare, I fancy I can supply an adumbration of it, sufficiently true and sufficiently curious to hold the most vagrant attention.

"Twentieth century antiques," began the expert of A.D. 2125, "for a long time were a drug in the furniture and curio markets. The reason of this is not far to seek, for it cannot be pretended that the nineteen-hundreds were lived through by people conspicuous for their love of beauty or aspiration to achieve perfection of living. We have only to recall that it was in the early part of that century that the lovely Waterloo Bridge, pictures of which have descended to us, was destroyed by ignorant vandals, and the absurd Cathedral of St. Paul was restored at enormous cost at a time when there was a magnificent excuse for its demolition. It was not till the very end of the twentieth century that the notorious abomination known as the Albert Memorial was extirpated by an army of patriotic æsthetes.

"In recent years, however, there has been a keen demand for twentieth century furniture and utensils, particularly those made in the first quarter of the century, and as these are extremely scarce, prices rule high. The scarcity is, of course, explained by the fact that for at least a hundred years it has been the accepted rule to burn anything twentieth-century at sight. For this reason we have no knowledge of the twentieth century poets and artists, if, indeed, there were any.

"My readers, needless to say, are less interested in the artistic than in the commercial value of the objects I discuss. It is not for a trade paper such as this to over-labour the ugliness of what the public is demanding. It is sufficient for dealers if they can procure for their public what they want, get an adequate reward for their discoveries, and, I may add, compensation for their expert knowledge of their discoveries. This article is being written with a view to the equipment of amateur and professional dealers, who come across, or think they come across, antiques of the twentieth century.

"Let me begin with the Twentieth Century 'Hall-stand.' The genuine article is made of 'fumed' oak, and it is fitted with a bevelled glass mirror. In the centre of the stand is a box or drawer, in which, presumably, brushes were kept. On either side of this box or drawer are holes, through which 'umbrellas' (see later) and 'walking-sticks' (see later) were thrust. At the top of the stand are brass hooks, and the genuineness of the antique may be tested by hanging coats and hats on these hooks. If these

"If these make the hall-stand fall over, it is genuine"

make the hall-stand fall over, it is genuine twentieth-century.

"Next, let me indicate the characteristics of the twentieth-century bureau. This, also, is made in 'fumed' oak, and, if well preserved, is found to be tied together with string. It has a slide cover, which, when pulled down, was used for writing upon. When open, the bureau reveals a vision of pigeon-holes and drawers, and, if the bureau then refuses to shut, you may be sure you have got a genuine twentieth-century piece or at least an extremely clever fake. An obviously genuine piece, *i.e.*, one at which no human being could possibly sit to write, is worth about £150.

"A twentieth-century piece much sought by collectors is a bookcase with leaded glass doors and adjusting shelves. The marks by which the real thing can be identified are the impossibility of shutting the doors if open, or the impossibility of opening the doors if shut. If a book be pulled out, the genuine twentieth-century article comes with it and kills the would-be student or any living creature which happens to be passing.

"We now turn to the quaint two-hundred-years-old coal boxes or cauldrons, used in many aristocratic houses now as table-centres or biscuit-boxes. It must not be forgotten that, in those old days, heat was obtained principally from coal-fires, which blazed away in open 'grates' (see later), in spite of the fact that the smoke therefrom caused fogs which turned day into night. These fires were fed with lumps of coal lifted from boxes which stood by the 'fender' (see later). As to how the coal was got out of the boxes, antiquarians have not so far discovered. Certain implements have been found that may have had something to do with it, but all experiments with twenty-century shovels and 'tongs' (see later) have failed to extract a piece of coal from a well-filled coal-box. Professor Baffles read a paper to the Royal Society in 2007 suggesting that the coal was lifted out with the hands, which were then wiped on a sheet of sheepskin kept before the fire for that purpose, but we shall probably never know the exact truth. The only test of a twentieth-century coal-box is to fill it with coal and try to get a piece out. If you fail, it is genuine. If you succeed, it's a fake. (A coal-cabinet out of which no magician could possibly extract coal fetched £216 at Christie's recently, its period being beyond dispute.)

"No dealer worth his salt should ever miss a chance of securing one of the twentieth-century 'gramophone' music-boxes. They are very scarce, and the feeding discs on which the music was inscribed have all perished. But rich collectors will pay almost anything for these quaint souvenirs of a bygone age, the fact that rich people carried them everywhere, and wound them up when they desired entertainment, making them objects of everlasting interest and curiosity. A further fascinating detail in their history is that they were used in the last of all the land wars, and were wound up and set to grind out tunes just before the troops were bid to hurl themselves into the conflict.

"Set with gems for a hair ornament"

"Twentieth-century sports implements find a ready sale, if in good condition, especially in America. The most common of these is a stick with a curious knob at the end. It was with this knob that a small ball was struck, the object of the striker being to induce the ball to go into an indicated hole. The name of the game is uncertain, though some say it was 'golf,' pronounced so as to rhyme with 'wolf.' Another twentieth-century sports implement, that rich women love to have set with gems for a hair ornament, is the 'racket.' This is a pretty little frame enclosing a piece of fishing-net drawn tight, and was used by females, children and defective males for knocking a soft rubber ball to and fro. For this quaint relic of our foremothers as much as a thousand dollars can be had, even when money is tight.

"Amazing as it may seem to my readers, and I realise that many of them are but antiquarians in embryo, as short a time as two hundred years ago decent people ate not only *twice*, but *hundreds of times*, with the same feeding implements. Instead of the flimsy feeding-sticks which we use to-day, and which are, of course, burnt after each meal, these unpleasant people of the twentieth-century used what they called 'knives' and 'forks.' They were large, heavy implements made of metal, sometimes of bone and steel. At the conclusion of a meal a wretched servant was compelled to wash these abominations and sharpen them, presumably, before they were placed on the table again. Now, in odd corners, it is by no means unusual to find these two-hundred-year-old implements, and they should always be snapped up, as clubs, hotels, and private buyers like to possess them for the decoration of dining-rooms.

"Now, there are several kinds of 'knives,' but I need only mention the three most common. First there is one, usually of bone handle and steel blade, measuring about 11 inches, which was used for breaking up the large masses of meat which in those days were placed on the table. Next is one, similar in make, measuring about 9 inches, which the eater used for further breaking up the section of flesh allotted to him. Finally, there is a smaller 'knife' about 7 inches long, which may have been used for cutting up small articles or for self-defence. Occasionally, the collector comes across a curious 'knife' and 'fork' which cannot have been much used for breaking-up meats. The 'knife' is usually of silver and very broad of blade, the latter being shaped like an antique falchion. Some say these implements were used for fish, but I have another theory. In one of the old twentieth-century novels, written by one Michael Arlen, there is a reference to 'eating peas with a knife.' Now the ordinary knife could not have been used for eating peas, as the sharp blade would cut the lips. Hence the use, presumably, of a blunt, broad knife especially for eating peas. These fish or pea-knives are scarce, and fetch sums amounting to . . ."

That was where the magazine dropped from my hand and I woke up.

B. M. H.

Lost Ball!

BY DAVID WILSON

EGGS CHANGE IS NO ROBBERY!

THE TYRANT AT THE NEW

Produced March 18, 1925

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THE lordly gentleman in the box-office was obviously distressed because I had not my card with me; and it is true to say that I have of late been a little lax in this respect. But when you have been a deadhead in the West End for forty years you get the idea that managers not only know your face, but positively loathe the sight of it; and it seems to me that, at such a moment, to emphasise your existence by means of a visiting-card is only adding insult to injury. At the New Theatre the question of the visiting-card was finally waived with a nice courtesy, but as I drifted down the stairs to my seat I could not avoid the feeling that I had left behind me at the box-office a fearful apprehension that the manager had been cozened into admitting free to his glittering and unparalleled show an entirely unauthorised person. It was not so bad as that, of course, and when I had settled down in my free seat I had the advantage of seeing Mr. Matheson Lang in one of the most successful parts I think he can ever have adorned.

THE play itself is, perhaps, a little overloaded with erudition. Most people have heard of the Borgias; but for the purposes of entertaining drama I cannot see that it matters much whether the play is or is not governed by that historical accuracy to which the management attach so much importance. We form our opinion of Messere Borgia as he appears to us at the theatre, and not as he is supposed to have been by conflicting authorities. The Tyrant here is a scrupulously polite and well-bred gentleman, the mildest-mannered pirate that ever slit a weazand, to quote the bard; and those whom he condemns to death have at least the consolation of knowing that the unhappy transaction is being conducted as between one gentleman and another.

LEONARD SHEPHERD AS MACHIAVELLI

THE play opens in the spring of 1503, at the castle of Solignola. At that time Cesare Borgia was engaged in subduing certain Italian coast cities in the interests of the reigning Pope, and Solignola happened to be the next place on the Tyrant's list for military attention. Then the good news filters through that somebody has thrown something at the Tyrant and done him in; but just as the people of Solignola are drinking peace to his ashes, or something of that sort, another messenger comes to say that the good news is premature, as Cesare Borgia is as alive and aggressive as ever. Therefore the Lord of Solignola and his counsellers decide to engineer a little plot of their own. His lordship's daughter, a young lady with no less a name than Panthasilea Degli Speranzoni, is to journey to the Tyrant's nest at Assisi, and engage him with amorous overtures while hostile soldiers are flung into his garden ready to take him prisoner as soon as he steps outside to take the air.

THE second act takes place at Assisi, where we get our first glimpse of Cesare, a gently purring and rather dandified person, but, as so admirably personified by Mr. Matheson Lang, giving all the necessary hint of the hand of iron beneath the velvet glove. When Gianluca Della Pieve, an unauthorised intruder at Cesare's place, protests that no harm may be done to him because he is a patrician, Cesare politely requests him to look out of the window, from which point of view he will see a couple of patricians of really noble birth being at that very moment strangled to death in the public square. Then the lady in the case proceeds to play her part in the plot by giving the Tyrant a sparkle of the Glad Eye. Cesare finds her quite interesting, and confides in her that everybody seems to be trying to do him in by some means or another. If he draws a curtain back suddenly there is sure to be a fellow behind it with a ready knife; and if someone offers him a glass of wine, he is obliged to have it tasted by one of the servants in order to be sure that it has not been doped with a dose of lingering death.

MATHESON LANG AS CESARE BORGIA — ISOBEL ELSOM AS PANTHASILEA

THE Tyrant talks to the lady of his troubles in a soft, cooing accent as if inviting her sympathy; but as a matter of fact, in a previous scene, he has already

made himself acquainted with the treachery contemplated by the fair Panthasilea. Presently she offers him a cup of wine, and when he hesitates to drink it, she takes a sip or two herself just to show that there is no deception, and nothing up her sleeve. The Tyrant is willing to agree that he is safe that far, anyhow, and takes the wine accordingly, while he jestingly appoints the lady as his Taster-in-Chief. About this time Panthasilea (I apologise to the printer for this tremendous name, but please, sir, it wasn't me!) experiences a change of heart. Like Desdemona she begins to love her Tyrant for the dangers he has passed, and is henceforward bent only on saving him from the dangers to come. She begs, therefore, that he will stay with her for just an hour as she hopes that by that time her father's gang will have got tired of waiting and will go away and annoy somebody else.

So Cesare Borgia stays his hour, and Panthasilea gives him all her love. When he finally decides to depart, she pleads that after what has happened he should not be in such haste to leave her; while he retorts with rather less than his usual studied politeness that he was not in love with her at all, but only took her to satisfy his lust for conquest. Furthermore, he says that his men will have by this time finished the tunnel on which they have been working, and which is to enable them to make a breach in the walls of Solignola, so that they can go in and kill quite a lot of the inhabitants. Panthasilea, realising the cold, hard truth that the Tyrant has flung at her, faints dead away.

In the last act we are back in Solignola again. The Tyrant's plan of campaign has succeeded admirably, and he is now master of the city. Presently Panthasilea drifts sadly back to the old home, only to receive her father's curses for the failure of her plot and for her personal surrender to the Tyrant. But Cesare Borgia now has decided to celebrate his victory by having drinks round, and this gives a clear lead to the defeated Lord of Solignola and his friends. They decide to poison the Tyrant's cup so that after the first drink he will curl up and die, and when Cesare comes into the banqueting room and calls for his wine, the conspirators look sniggeringly at each other, feeling satisfied that they have done old Borgy in at last.

Then Panthasilea steps forward and reminds the Tyrant that he himself appointed her his wine-taster, and she proposes at once to perform that very essential office on this occasion. She takes his cup and drains it to the dregs, and then falls dying to the ground. Cesare realises at once that whether he loved her or not, her love for him must have been of that sterling quality usually spoken of as being stronger than death; and even Tyrants are only human. In this entirely beautiful scene Mr. Matheson Lang puts his case with admirable feeling, and rounds off triumphantly a highly distinguished performance. Miss Isobel Elsom as the young lady with the long name plays with her usual excellence and sincerity, and dies with a grace that we may all well hope to imitate. The play is handsomely mounted, and the glittering costumes are guaranteed by the management to be historically correct in every detail. *The Tyrant* is a play to be seen.

JINGLE

Photographs Bertram Park

THE BITER BIT

Cesare Borgia (Matheson Lang) pretending to fall for the charms of Panthasilea Degli Speranzoni (Isobel Elsom) who has come to bring about his death

The Paris "R. A.": Selections from the Paris

LA ROBE ENCERCLÉE
BY BOULET-CYPRIEN

LA CALANQUE D'ÉMEREAUDE
BY AUBRY

CONTEMPLATION
BY F. BIVEL

Owing to the special International Exhibition of Decorative Art, this year's "Salon," to wit, the Exhibition of the Artistes Français adjoining the Place de la Concorde, formerly the home

"Old" and "New" Salons in the Orangery

FEMME AU TURBAN
BY LOUISE LAVRUT

THE HON. MRS. GILMOUR
BY P. DE LASZLÓ

NUIT DE RÉVEILLON
BY MARTIN KAVEL

VANITY AND WISDOM
BY CUMBRAE STEWART

and the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, has had to forsake the more familiar portals of the Grand Palais for the Orangery of the newer secessionist Society, the Salon des Tuileries

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB

Polo Programme, 1925.

MAY.

Saturday, May 16. Social Clubs' Cup (Final).
Monday, May 18. Whitney Cup commences.
Hurlingham Weekly Cup (Opening Tournament).
Saturday, May 23. Whitney Cup Ties.
Monday, May 25. Whitney Cup Ties.
Wednesday, May 27. Whitney Cup (Semi-Final)
Saturday, May 30. Hurlingham League Matches.

JUNE.

Whit-Monday, June 1. Hurlingham v. U.S.A. Army.
Hurlingham v. Jodhpur.
Tuesday, June 2. Polo Pony Show.
Wednesday, June 3. Polo Pony Show and Jumping Competition.
Saturday, June 6. Hurlingham League Matches.
Monday, June 8. Cicero Cup commences at Worcester Park.
Wednesday, June 10. Hurlingham League Matches.
Saturday, June 13. Hurlingham Polo League Matches.
Monday, June 15. Hurlingham v. British Army.
Visitors' Handicap Tournament at Worcester Park.
Wednesday, June 17. Hurlingham League Matches.
Saturday, June 20. British Army v. U.S.A. Army.
Wednesday, June 24. British Army v. U.S.A. Army.
Saturday, June 27. British Army v. U.S.A. Army.
Monday, June 29. Champion Cup commences.

JULY.

Friday, July 3. Ladies' Gymkhana.
Saturday, July 4. Champion Cup (Final).
Inter-University Match, Oxford v. Cambridge.
Monday, July 6. Inter-Regimental Tournament commences.
Tyro Challenge Cup commences.
Saturday, July 11. Inter-Regimental Tournament (Final) at 3 p.m.
Tyro Challenge Cup (Final) at 5 p.m.
Monday, July 13. Villarieja Cup.
Wednesday, July 15. Trial Match.
Saturday, July 18. Trial Match.

Matches for the Hurlingham Weekly Challenge Cup will be played throughout the Season on No. 2 Ground.

The "Worcester Park" Ground will be open for Play from Monday, March 30th (weather permitting).

Members wishing to Play in Members' Games at "Worcester Park" should telephone to Polo Manager, The Hurlingham Club (Putney 3773).

PUBLIC ADMISSION.

The Public will be admitted to the Reserved Public Enclosure to view the Polo Matches on Saturdays throughout the Season (weather permitting), commencing Saturday, May 30th. Also on Whit-Monday, June 1st.

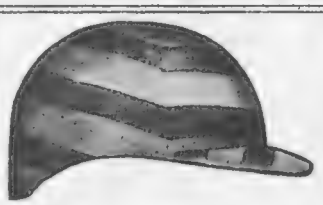
Gates open at 2 p.m.; Matches will commence at 3 p.m.

The charges are as follows:—
Reserved Stand 3/6, 5/9, 7/6 & (10/6 Whit-Monday) including tax.
Unreserved Seats 2/4 (including tax).

Tickets can be obtained in advance from Messrs. ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, W. 1, and 74, Cornhill, E.C. 3, and on days of the Matches at the Entrance Gates in Hurlingham Road only.

Matches will be Advertised in the "Times," "Morning Post," and Sporting Papers.

TEAS AND REFRESHMENTS CAN BE OBTAINED IN THE PUBLIC ENCLOSURE.



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ROEHAMPTON CLUB.

PROGRAMME OF CHIEF EVENTS FOR SEASON 1925.

POLO.

MAY.	MON.	18.	Whitney Cup commences.
	FRI.	29.	**Gymkhana** (open to Ladies and Men).
	SAT.	30.	**Whitney Cup Final.**
	SAT.	30.	**British Army v. Roehampton.**
JUNE.	MON.	1 (Whit-Monday).	Roehampton Open Challenge Cup commences.
	WED.	3.	**British Army v. Roehampton.**
	SAT.	6.	**Roehampton Open Challenge Cup Final.**
	SAT.	6.	**British Army v. Roehampton.**
	MON.	8.	Roehampton Junior Championship commences.
	WED.	10.	**U.S.A. v. Roehampton.**
	SAT.	13.	**Roehampton Junior Championship Final.**
	SAT.	13.	**U.S.A. v. Roehampton.**
	MON.	15.	Roehampton Regimental Challenge Cup commences.
	MON.	15 or WED. 17.	**U.S.A. v. Roehampton.**
	SAT.	20.	**Roehampton Regimental Challenge Cup Final.**
	MON.	22.	Roehampton Cup commences.
	FRI.	26.	**Gymkhana** (open to Ladies and Men).
	SAT.	27.	**Roehampton Cup Final.**
JULY.	MON.	13.	Ladies' Nomination Tournament commences.
	SAT.	18.	**Ladies' Nomination Tournament Final.**

Notice.—On Saturdays during the months of May, June and July the payment for Visitors entering the Club on Pink Vouchers will be 10s.

LAWN TENNIS.

JUNE.	MON.	15 to SAT. 20 (inclusive).	***Annual Invitation Grass Court Tournament.**
JULY.	SAT.	11 to SAT. 18 (inclusive).	**Members' Grass Court Tournament.**
	MON.	20 to SAT. 25 (inclusive).	Inter-County Week.
	WED.	22 to SAT. 25 (inclusive).	Royal Army Ordnance Corps Tournament.
AUG.	MON.	10 to SAT. 15 (inclusive).	Royal Naval and Royal Marine Championship.
SEPT.	MON.	21 to SAT. 26 (inclusive).	***5th Annual Autumn Open Hard Court Tournament.**

* During these Tournaments Members can only obtain FREE Admission to the Reserved Enclosures on production of the Membership Badge.

LAWN TENNIS SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION.

Professionals—F. J. PEARCE and F. ASHFORD.
Full information regarding Lessons, Fees and Bookings, etc., can be obtained from the Games Manager.

GOLF.

OCT.	WED.	7.	**Ladies' Autumn Meeting.**
NOV.	WED. 4 & THURS.	5.	Ladies' Championship Challenge Cup Competitions.

CROQUET.

MAY	11.	Peel Memorials.
MAY—JULY.		The Club Championships.
JUNE	27.	**Australian Match.**
JUNE	29 to JULY 10.	**The Croquet Championships.**
AUG.	12 to AUG. 22.	Challenge Cups and Gilbey Cup.
SEPT.	14.	Champion Cup and Ladies' Champion Cup.

Squash Rackets.—Three Courts of standard size are available for use daily from 9.30 a.m. to 7.0. p.m.

Riding Lessons.—The arrangements and Course of Instruction are under the personal supervision of Major C. C. Lister (late 17th/21st Lancers), from whom full information can be obtained.

Dances.—Commencing Saturday, May 9th, Dinner Dances will be held each Saturday. Dinner, 8 p.m. Dancing, 9 p.m. to 12 (midnight).

On all other days Dinners can be served from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m. if notice is given before 4 p.m. on the day.

Orchestra.—The Roehampton Club Orchestra will play, commencing Saturday, May 9th, as follows: Saturday, 3.30—6 p.m. Sunday, 3.30—6 p.m.

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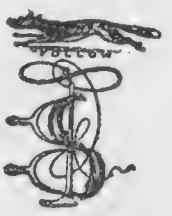

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POLO AT THE LONDON CLUBS

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

FEATURES OF THE NEW SEASON

A Respite

PERHAPS it is a good thing for English polo that the next matches for the International Cup do not take place until 1927. This means that the game in London this summer will not be hampered by the anxieties of team selection. International polo is exciting, and always appeals vividly to public imagination. The country engaged in it must throw its whole weight into the struggle for the sake of its own prestige. At the same time, preparations for matches against America have had the unfortunate effect of completely upsetting London seasons. I fear they have been responsible for more friction than anything else in the game. Players are requested to lend their best ponies for the trial matches, and in most cases do so in an eminently sporting way. But this means that they are sacrificing their own pleasure in the game to some extent, and it undoubtedly entails hardship upon those men who do not possess unlimited resources in the matter of ponies. Then, again, teams which would play together throughout the London tournaments are broken up by the demands of the Selection Committee.

Getting Back to Strength

THUS in one way and another International preparations have created havoc in English polo circles in late years. They have provoked animosities which would never exist in normal times. No doubt one of the reasons for the recent trouble is that English polo has not yet nearly recovered its pre-war strength. This has rendered the task of team-building one of extreme difficulty.

Last year's Selection Committee have been unmercifully slated, but I am sure everybody recognises the severity of the problem with which they were confronted. At present I perceive no signs that we shall regain the championship of polo for a good number of years. I hope that I am unduly pessimistic, and that the season now beginning will reveal some new or vastly improved front-rank players. In any case it will be a relief to be free from the turmoil of international strife.

Central News

"LADDIE"

Mr. S. Sanford, always brilliantly mounted, has organised the Eastcott team

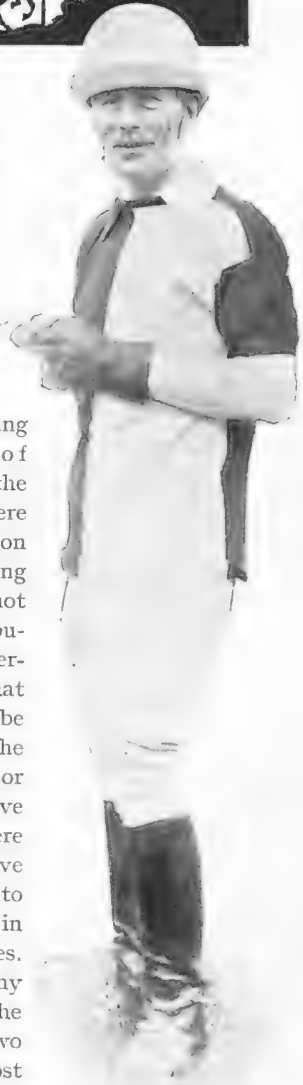
Sport and General

"BENDOR"

The Duke of Westminster is running a strong Eaton team this season

U.S. Army Team

A HIGHLY agreeable substitute will be the matches between teams representing the armies of England and the United States. Here the vexed question of the borrowing of ponies cannot arise, for it is stipulated in these inter-Army matches that the ponies must be the property of the players engaged or of their respective Governments. There is every incentive for our soldiers to give of their best in the coming fixtures. When our Army team went to the United States two years ago most people imagined that the games would be something like a walk-over for them. It came as rather a shock, therefore, when the American soldiers won two of the three matches. It is in no sense disparaging to the winners to say that the result of those games would probably have been very different had the English ponies arrived in New York at least a month before they were actually landed. A strike at Southampton Docks so delayed the departure of our ponies that there was little more than a fortnight to get them into shape upon their arrival.



Sport and General

"FREDDY"

Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest will again skipper a Templeton side

Question of Handicaps

LET it be recalled as a tribute to American sportsmanship that the date of the first match was postponed for several days in order to give the visiting ponies a better chance. In any case, the U.S. Army team had a total handicap of only 19 points as against the 30 points of their rivals, so their victory was immensely creditable. It showed that too much store need not be placed

upon polo handicapping. It is clear that the American players will again be a lower handicapped team than our side this year; but this is not worrying them in any way, and they are sure to put up a big fight to retain the honours of inter-Army polo.

American Personnel

Of the team which defeated the British Army in 1923 only Major Louis Beard and Major A. H. Wilson have come to this country. The others are young players who showed excellent form during the winter practice in Florida. Captain C. H. Gerhardt, who will be the No. 1 of the team, is a light-weight player who rides well, hits hard, and makes the most of his opportunities in front of goal. Lieut. E. McGinley is, perhaps, not quite so quick to get a move on as Gerhardt, but he has a fine command over the ball. It is a compliment to Captain P. P. Rodes that he has been described as a "Tommy Hitchcock style of player." He hits a tremendously long ball, and will undoubtedly prove a formidable proposition in the inter-Army encounter. Major A. H. Wilson distinguished himself to a marked extent when playing against the English soldiers two years ago, though at present he is marked as one of the reserves of the new team, of which Lieut. J. A. Smith is another promising member.

A Good Skipper

Above all, the visitors are happy in possessing a skipper in whom they have every confidence. Major Beard is a polo leader of much experience, and his able captaincy should prove a great asset to the

MRS. N. W. LEAF

A daughter of the late Mr. Crawford Wood, and the wife of one of the best players in the Army

MRS. H. COLMORE

Who shares the keenness of her husband, Major Colmore, for the galloping game

MRS. GILBERT GREENALL

Before her marriage to Sir Gilbert Greenall's elder son, she was Miss Betty Crawford. She played well in the Hurlingham matches

MRS. H. N. SCOTT-ROBSON

A member of the Hurlingham team last season. Her husband, Capt. Scott-Robson, is a leading player

MISS M. SHERIFFE
Played at No. 1 for Melton Mowbray in the Hurlingham matches. She has lately become engaged to Sir Gilbert Greenall's second son, Edward

team. He was unlucky enough to break a thumb during the practice games at Miami, but this is not likely to interfere with his game in London. Last month the Americans were made welcome by the Aldershot Command, and have been able to get their ponies into shape for the opening of the London season. They will be the guests of the Hurlingham Club, and are assured of a pleasant time. The first of the inter-Army matches is to be played at Hurlingham on Ascot Saturday, June 20, and the second on the following Wednesday. If a third meeting is necessary to decide the issue it will take place on June 27.

MRS. B. R. GLOVER
Who represented Hurlingham in the ladies' polo matches last season

LADY WARRENDER
A successful competitor in gymkhanas at the London Clubs, and a polo player

Practice Matches

THERE will be plenty of other opportunities of seeing the visitors in practice. Special matches have been arranged for the Americans and the Indians at Hurlingham on Whit-Monday, and the gates will be open to the public. The senior club continues its democratic policy of setting apart a portion of its accommodation for the public on each Saturday during the season. At Ranelagh the American team will have their first practice game on May 30, and they are due to appear at that club at least twice in the following month. They will be at Roehampton on June 10 and two later dates. Similar arrangements have been made at the London clubs to afford the English Army team facilities for practice games against strong opponents. The composition of the home side is not yet settled.

The Home Team

THE selection is in the hands of an able Army committee, who,

(Continued on page 403)

Photographs *Sport and General*

LADY CHESHAM
A fine rider to hounds, and one of the best women players of polo. Lord Chesham is Master of the Bicester Foxhounds

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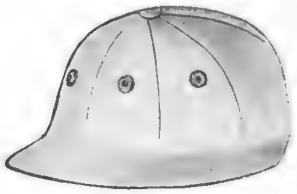

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THE MORNING EXERCISE

Some of the seventy ponies attached to the Maharajah of Jodhpur's stable being exercised on the sands at Minehead

apparently, are taking the regimental champions, the 17th-21st Lancers, as the basis of their team-building operations. The regiment in question has been a long way the strongest in English polo since the end of the War, and if the team is stiffened by the inclusion of a first-class No. 2 it should prove equal to beating the visitors. Meanwhile, there has been a good deal of interesting practice at Tidworth, and the Army authorities should now have a pretty shrewd idea of their strongest line-up.

Indian Visitors

OUR visitors from the United States share the main interest of the season with the team which the Maharajah of Jodhpur has brought from India. Considering that this side has a stud of nearly seventy ponies, it should at least be as well mounted as any of the teams it will oppose in the London tournaments. Most of the ponies arrived early in April, and one batch came even earlier. Thus they will probably be in good fettle by the middle of June, when they will be put to their sharpest tests. It will be highly interesting to observe how the native players, composed of Captain Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, Thakur Prithi Singh, Thakur Ram Singh, and Thakur Dalpat Singh, will compare with other brilliant Indian players who have been seen on our grounds in the past, notably Dokhal Singh, Shah Mirza

Photographs, Sport and General

GETTING INTO FINAL TRIM

Members of the Maharajah of Jodhpur's champion polo team on their practice ground at Dunster, in Somerset. The photograph shows: Thakur Prithi Singh (left), Thakur Ram Singh, Capt. Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, and Capt. A. H. Williams

Beg, Chunda Singh, Jogindra Singh, and Jaswant Singh. All the latter held their own in the best English polo, and there is no reason to suppose that the Jodhpur men will be less successful.

A Brilliant Side

THEY are, indeed, the best team that India can produce to-day, as their recent victories in the big tournaments at Calcutta and Delhi clearly indicate. They will be well led by Captain A. H. Williams, who, mounted on ponies to which he is well accustomed, is quite likely to improve upon the form he has exhibited on his previous visits home. Many good judges look upon him as a player of the international type, so his form this season will be watched with special interest. No doubt the culminating effort of the Jodhpur team will be made in the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh, which should again be one of the great attractions of a busy season. Everything, of course, depends on the weather. Last summer was one of continual disappointments at the polo clubs owing to almost incessant wet. Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton are entitled to much better luck this summer. Each club has arranged a strong programme, and with a normal allowance of sunshine, it should be a brilliant season.

Hurlingham Arrangements

THE notable increase of facilities for play at Worcester Park Club has the effect of placing valuable new grounds at the disposal of Hurlingham, which celebrated its jubilee last year. Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Scott-Duff and the club's polo manager, Colonel Marchant, have provided for the usual tournaments in addition to the inter-Army matches. Thus the Social Clubs' Cup will be played for during the week ending May 16. A start will be made with the Champion

(Continued on page 405)

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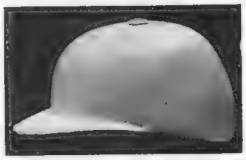

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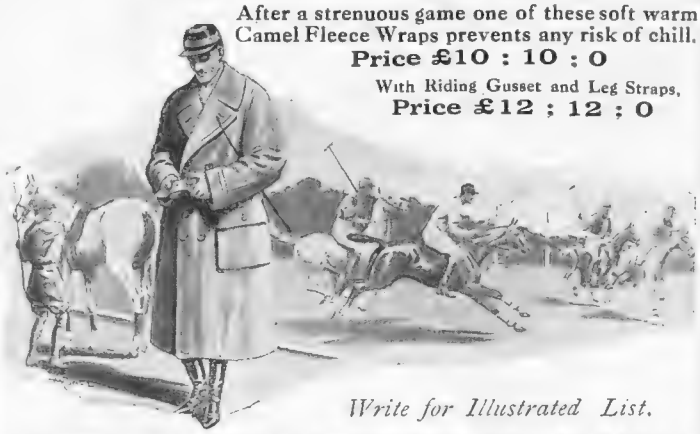

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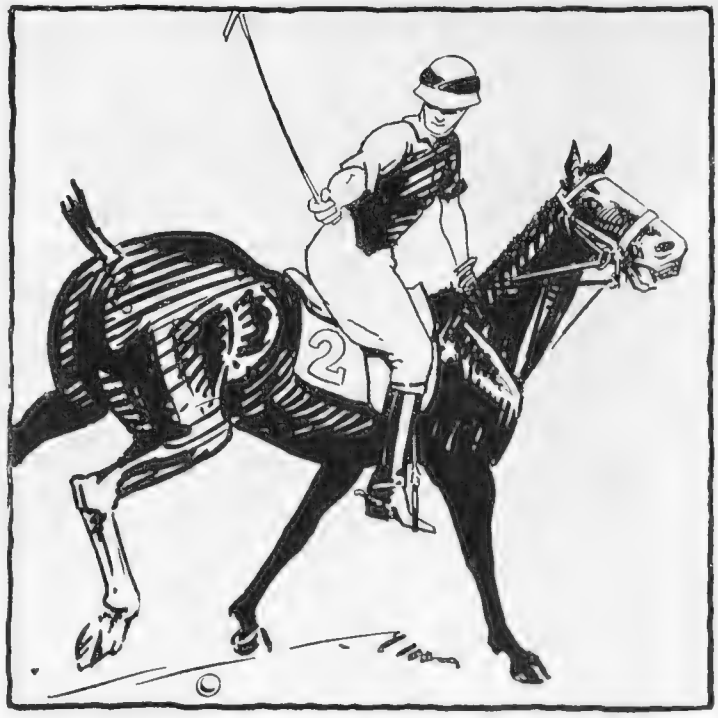

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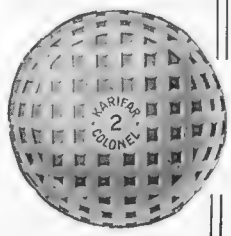

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THE 17th/21st LANCERS, REGIMENTAL CHAMPIONS *W. A. Rouch*

Left to right: Capt. D. C. Boles, Lt.-Col. T. P. Melvill, Major V. N. Lockett, and Mr. Desmond Miller. This team have figured prominently in the Army trial games at Tidworth

Cup, the leading tournament of the season, on June 29, and already one hears of several strong combinations which will enter for it. The Duke of Westminster, Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, Lord Wodehouse, the Hon. F. V. Willey, the Hon. K. Mackay, and the enthusiastic young American, Mr. S. Sanford, are among those who are placing teams in the field this year. The closing stages of the Inter-Regimental follow the Champion Cup at Hurlingham, and one hopes that the 17th-21st Lancers will not again have matters all their own way.

New Ranelagh Managers

An interesting change has been made in the polo management at Ranelagh, where we shall all miss Captain F. A. Gill and Lieut.-Colonel C. McG. Dunbar after their many seasons in office. They are succeeded by Major-General John Vaughan, who for a long time has been one of the leading figures in polo. He has the assistance of Captain G. V. Scott Douglas, and the destinies of the game at Ranelagh will be perfectly safe in their hands. A long list of tournaments is down for decision at this club, including the Open Cup, beginning on June 8, while a host of other attractions, such as the Punjab Garden Party, pony gymkhanas, and jumping competitions, have been arranged.

Roehampton

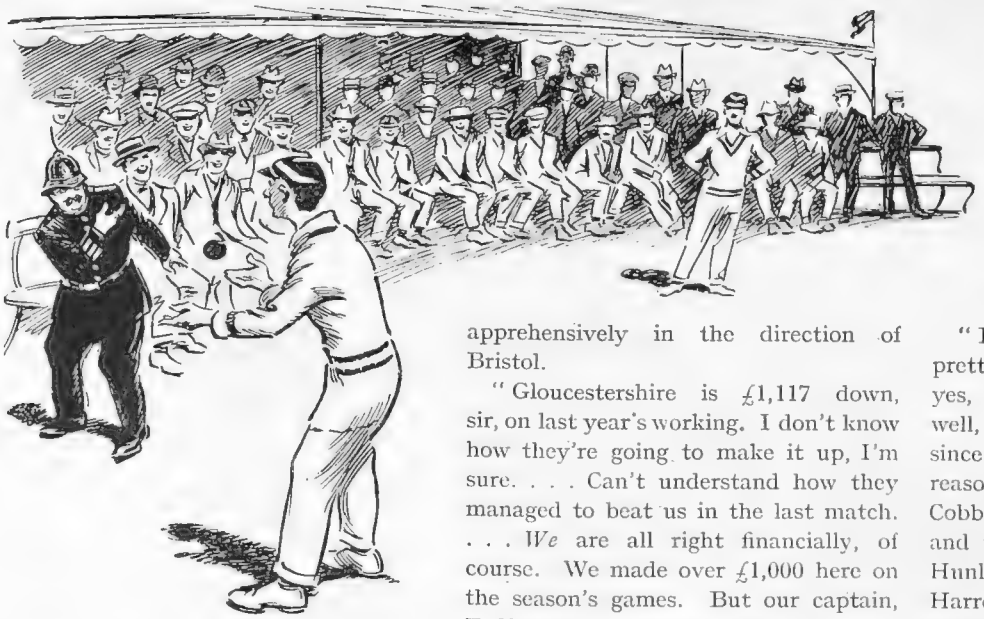
We can always depend upon seeing polo of the best order at Roehampton, where the brothers Miller have commanded a strong following ever since the first days of the club. Excellent as its polo programme has been in the past, it finds new strength this season in the institution of the Roehampton Regimental Challenge Cup, for which play begins on June 15. Here the Army teams will have the advantage of playing under full handicap allowances. During June other attractions at this club will be the Open Challenge Cup, the Junior Championship, and the Roehampton Cup, while the Ladies' Nomination Tournament comes in the following month. There will be two gymkhanas here at which ladies as well as men will compete, and this reminds us that polo is now one of the games which women have taken up with some enthusiasm. Last season eight lady players had sufficient confidence in themselves to take part in a couple of matches at Hurlingham. A. W. C.

A WORCESTER PARK TEAM *G.P.U.*

Left to right: Capt. F. L. Walford, Mr. A. Auriol Barker (one of the oldest players still actively engaged in the game), Capt. A. S. Rawle, and Mr. H. S. Gasalee

ANOTHER TEAM AT WORCESTER PARK *G. P. U.*

Where the London season opened last month. Left to right: Major Rees-Mogg, Colonel W. Bishop, V.C., Mr. Reid Walker and Mr. J. N. Robertson Rodgers



Concerning Cricket

By "PENDARVES"

Illustrated by RIP

WHEN this issue of THE BYSTANDER appears England will possibly be enveloped in a mantle of snow which those curiously erratic people known as meteorological experts will say is the worst since April, 1887—but this cannot be helped. Cricket starts officially, according to the Fixture List, with the Seniors' Match at Oxford on April 27. By May 6 seven instructive matches have already been played, and the players who have not gone to bed with double pneumonia or frostbite are already beginning to talk about their 1925 averages "so far"—which means that things are now in full swing.

So, wrapt in our thickest motor coats (if there is a heat wave in progress when these notes appear I am indeed undone) we must proceed to a hard seat on the boundary and take stock of the 1925 season, in a series of staccato remarks somewhat on the lines of the man whom you find next to you at all the big matches.

You know the person I mean. You can see him at Lord's any day. He has his hat pulled down well over his eyes, sun or no sun, his arms are crossed upon a tranquil breast, feet stretched out, one foot resting on the other, and at the end of maiden overs, when a wicket falls, or a ball goes for six into the Pavilion or into the St. John's Wood Road, he lets drop pearls of wisdom upon the ether, thus:—

"I see they've appointed seventeen of the twenty-four umpires we had last year. Seven new places filled, the last two being promoted from the second-class list. They're all good men—don't you agree?"

Always agree with this authority if you want a peaceful cricket afternoon.

"If we don't get some decent weather this summer several of the best Counties will go West. Look at Gloucester."

Impressive pause while you glance apprehensively in the direction of Bristol.

"Gloucestershire is £1,117 down, sir, on last year's working. I don't know how they're going to make it up, I'm sure. . . . Can't understand how they managed to beat us in the last match. . . . *We* are all right financially, of course. We made over £1,000 here on the season's games. But our captain, F. T. Mann, *is* a man, mark you."

You entirely agree with this great truth—and he rambles on:

"Funny thing the way Yorkshire caved in to us—oh, well *stopped*, sir—over the row. Great pity if there had been a cleavage; great pity; entirely their fault, mind you. . . .

"Very good thing that this covering of the wicket against rain has been passed by the M.C.C. as permissive, though not compulsory. I see Surrey are not going to do it—well, they will have only themselves to blame.

"I'm very glad to hear Arthur Gilligan's heart is all right again. Ever had a ball get up and whallop you over the heart? Well, I *have*. No joke, by Jove! He is the mainspring of the Sussex side; just as he was in the Tests this winter out there. Marvellous personality that man has got—can't think what Sussex would do without him and Tate. Their nine defeats in July and August, when Gilligan was crocked, shows you how his loss was felt.

"Er—oh, well hit, indeed, sir, very pretty . . . . what was I saying? Oh, yes, the Eton and Harrow match: well, I dunno. Harrow haven't won here since 1908—think o' that!—see no reason why they should this year. Cobbold will captain the Eton side: and they've got Lord Hyde, Child, Hunloke and Percival—a useful lot. Harrow will have Butterworth—how's *that*?—no: he says not: funny, he seemed to come out of his crease then, didn't you think? . . . Butterworth, Andreae, Bucher, A. M. Crawley (isn't it?), and the Head's son, young Neville Ford. M'm . . . may be a good game; you never know. . . ."

Now take a shillingsworth on the other side of the river, and stand amongst them under the shadow of the Oval gas-meter. There you will hear a critic or two—but not of Surrey. A tense, dumb admiration of the Surrey cricketers is graven upon the faces of these several thousand watchers. No other cricket matters. And when Mr. Percy Fender ("Fireirons"), or "Jackobbs," or "Billitch," or "Struddy" do anything strikingly characteristic, you, an intruding stranger, will be glanced at with a veiled hostility, in case you may not be entirely of their way of thinking about these matters, and someone will enquire of you caustically:

"D'y'see that—eh? 'E don' 'arf know 'ow ter stop them sort . . . . 'Tain't a bit o' use them puttin' up that sort o' stuff: stoopid I calls it" . . . .

You may, an enthusiast yourself, and anxious to discuss cricket shop generally, begin talking about some other County. He hardly hears you. He certainly does not listen. There *is* no other County "'cep' Surrey wot can reely plaiy the bloomin' gaime."

Which partisan spirit is as it should be. And there is no difference "reely" in the spirit of the Lordly one or the Surreyite with respect to their particular teams. They merely express themselves rather differently. But in the mind of each their County XI is *hors concours* in the art of the game. And that represents the whole point of view and purport of the cricket spectator; without whose interesting presence County cricket in this country would cease to be played.

An "International" Affair

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Our artist's impressions of the opening match of the newly-formed International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain (all the members of which must be international players) on the courts of the R.A.C. Country Club at Woodcote Park

Some Competitors in "The Bystander" £500

MRS. T. A. LODGE (Burhill) 5

G.P.U.

W. B. SMITH and MRS. BATTERSBY (Hadley Wood), the first winners of "The Bystander" Trophy

MISS DE PAULA
(Old Fold Manor) 16

MRS. FARQUHARSON
(Porters Park) 9

MISS JOAN STOCKER
(Oxhey) 4

MISS H. JOANNIDES (St. George's Hill) 6

MRS. CONNELL (Broxbourne) 10

MRS. LAMBERT (Bushey Hall) 13

A few of the ladies who competed for "The Bystander" £500 Golf Challenge Trophy at the London Country Club yesterday (Tuesday). competed this year which is the third in which that trophy has been played for. Many well-known players entered, including last year's given above, after their names), with a limit of 18, each

Golf Trophy at the London Country Club

G. P. U.

GEORGE GADD and MISS S. DAMPNEY, who won "The Bystander" Trophy in last year's competition

MISS W. DOXFORD
(Bromley and Bickley) 6

MRS. D. J. FISH
(Addington) 1

MRS. ERLEBACH
(Edgware) 13

MISS R. RABBIDGE
(Fulwell) 9

MISS S. DAMPNEY (Roehampton) 9

MRS. C. MILLS (Hanger Hill) 12

MRS. E. MOSENTHAL (Temple) 5

The competition was a mixed foursome (professional partnered by a lady), and was played over thirty-six holes. About sixty couples
holders, George Gadd and Miss S. Dampney (Roehampton). Professionals were rated at plus 4, and the ladies at their L.G.U. handicap,
pair receiving three-eighths of the combined handicaps

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The Derby Now

Now that the Two Thousand Guineas has been run, what are we to think of the prospects of the Derby? Those who read my notes last week, will know that the success of Manna did not in the least surprise me. I placed him only second best to Zionist in my review of the prospects of the Guineas. I am sure the Aga Khan's colt was feeling his old knee trouble in the race, and to this fact I attribute his poor show. Manna won easily enough, but I am not enamoured of his chance in the Derby. My only reason for opposing him in that race is the doubt whether he will stay the course. Last season he revealed a distinct lack of stamina in the Middle Park Stakes, and I believe the Epsom journey will be a bit too far for this natty and very stylish Beckhampton colt. St. Becan is sure to improve upon his form in the Two Thousand, but I cannot say I am completely attracted by him. He is a bit too much on the leg for my liking. However, his trainer thinks the world of him and expects him to be fully 10 lb. better at Epsom than he was at Newmarket.

Ptolemy's Chance

I HAVE written so strongly in favour of Ptolemy in these notes since the early part of the year that it is in a sense gratifying to have seen him come into strong Derby favouritism last week. I prefer to wait until after his appearance in the French Two Thousand before I make him my definite Derby selection. Meanwhile those who got on him when I first described his great qualifications now have the satisfaction of being able to ledge their money upon most satisfactory terms. Of course, the sudden contraction in his price occurred as a result of the arrangement with Donoghue to ride him. It is certain that he will come to even shorter odds if he wins the French Two Thousand on the 17th, and until that race is run there must be just a doubt as to his precise quality. I think the best of the English colts in the Derby will be Conquistador. Lord Derby's fine strapping chestnut is improving rapidly, and I was very much impressed by the manner in which he won the Hastings Plate last week. If he continues to advance in this way I am convinced that he will be Ptolemy's most dangerous rival.

Chester Cup

MUCH as its curious old-fashioned course is criticised, Chester invariably affords much delightful racing, and the prospects are of a successful meeting there this week. The Manton stable, which was so much at sea in its calculations on the March Stakes last week, is likely to turn out a prominent competitor for the Chester Cup on Wednesday. There are Daimyo, Pilum, and Sebastian to choose from, and I imagine the first-named will be the selected candidate. I regard Labadens as possessing an excellent chance here. He ran extremely well in the Great Metropolitan until he became unbalanced through receiving a bump from the eventual winner. Of the others I dare say Spithead, Imprudence, and last year's winner, Rugeley, will run well. I select **Labadens,** with DAIMYO as a second string. The Great Cheshire Handicap on Thursday may be won by **The Sliding Stone.**

Kempton Jubilee

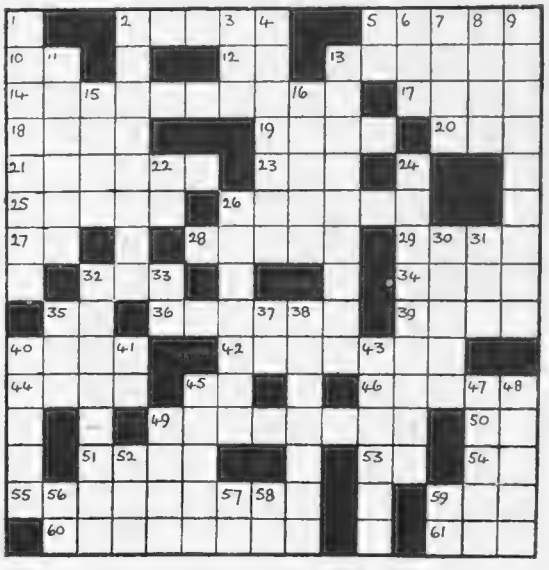
IN the Kempton Jubilee on Saturday, much depends upon whether Tapin jumps away better than he did at Epsom. He is rather better handicapped here than he was in the "City," but in view of the slowness he has displayed in the early stages of his two latest races it needs some courage to predict success. After his sensational victory last week Bright Knight cannot be out of the reckoning even with his penalty. But taking a hint from what we saw in the City and Suburban, I suggest that most of the horses at the top of the handicap on Saturday will have all their work cut out to concede the weight to those at the bottom. Purple Shade may not get the journey, and I take Blue Pete, Cockpit, and Amethystine as a likely three to supply the winner. My selection is **Cockpit.** The Stewards' Handicap upon Friday may fall to **Solitary.**

MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

THREE Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first three correct solutions opened. Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions must be marked "Cross-words" on the envelope. All solutions received in unmarked envelopes will be disqualified. All answers must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C. 4, and must reach us by first post on Monday morning, May 11. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 13

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

CLUES:

ACROSS

2. Sir Harry Lauder at home.
5. Tragedienne's alleged refresher between acts.
10. Indispensable in Welsh words.
12. Where Abraham came from.
13. A modern measure for "Scotch."
14. Famous for its revues in London.
17. What we pay.
18. Exclamation after preceding clue.
19. The actress's professional title.
20. The dancer's asset.
21. Mr. Rosmer.
23. Hindostan (poetic).
25. Mr. Dean.
26. What Othello called the signors.
27. Our "shore shield."
28. The brilliant Miss Isobel.
29. Inside.
32. Old English word for "likewise."
34. Name of anything.
35. "Starting price."
36. Flecker's masterpiece at His Majesty's.
39. Miss Beringer.
40. Marie, the popular actress-manageress.
42. Mr. Belloc.
44. Each turn on the programme.
45. Myself.
46. Renée, the child actress.
49. Classic name for actor.
50. The (French).
51. A long time.
53. Good Templar (initials).
54. Salvation Army.
55. London suburb where many players reside.
59. "The Yard."
60. Charles, the great comedian of early 19th century.
61. The medico's emolument.

DOWN

1. London's "Home of Variety."
2. The taste of cherry lips.
3. Robots (official).
4. Shakespeare's twins in the "Comedy of Errors."
5. Thus.
6. Matutinal.
7. Dead language.
8. The coster's greeting.
9. Indispensable accessory to modern stage.
11. Miss Braithwaite.
13. Mrs. Othello.
15. Dear friends.
16. Dainty Dorothy.
22. Old London (initials).
24. Strolling player.
26. What the stage fountain does.
30. Mr. Parker.
31. Very "Little Mary" (Sh-h-h!)
32. Order to which some recent plays belong.
33. And then—"What?"
35. Over-zealous tippler.
37. Yes (Spanish and Italian).
38. Chang'd to merry meetings ("Richard III.").
40. Arenas when knights were bold.
41. Ready money (but only initials!).
43. Daughter to Cymbeline.
45. The comic man's produce.
47. Miss Lily, the Diva.
48. Charles, the mid-Victorian melodramatist.
49. Exhibited in "Quarrel Scenes."
52. Kind of doctor needed for some humorists.
56. The great Tom Mix's initials.
57. That chap again.
58. "Swell's" prelude to remark.
59. "Compare" (Proof reader's symbol).

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of April 22, with names of the three winners, will be found on page 434

Magnificent Chrysler achievement under difficulties . . . *A private owner's letter after a Riviera trip—*

Full name and address will be disclosed privately to any one who writes for it

SIDE HEAD

Telegrams / Telephone

Dear Sir,

I have just come back from a tour to the south of France and Italy in my two-seater Chrysler, and I write to tell you how admirably the car has behaved and how I have enjoyed driving her.

The journey from Cap Martin (near Monte Carlo) to Paris, a distance of 644 miles, was done in two days, 376 of this in a single day over some appalling roads and in a tempest of wind and rain. Paris to Maidenhead (via Calais)—234 miles—was also done in one day.

Notwithstanding the mud, rain, high speed and atrocious road surfaces, the car on arrival had not a shake, rattle, loose bolt or nut anywhere. Further, no trouble of any kind was experienced during the whole of the tour. To accomplish such a performance a car must be in the very first rank as regards springing, speed, braking, steering, acceleration and hill-climbing powers.

In every one of these respects the Chrysler is not only in the first class, but in several she is superior to cars costing four to five times her price.

What her maximum speed is I do not know, as the speedometer does not register over 75 m.p.h.—a speed to which, even on a slightly rising gradient, she can easily accelerate considerably beyond. At 55 to 65 m.p.h. she is merely cantering, and where the roads permit, as they do in France, one can keep this speed without effort for hours on end.

When I add that both chassis and body simply bristle with points that appeal to the motor connoisseur, and that the whole car has the most distinctive and graceful lines, I do not think that I am overstating the case when I say that irrespective of price the Chrysler is the best proposition in fast touring cars open to the world's public to-day.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) . . . . . Capt.

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Wholesale Scottish Distributors: Alec. Robertson Motors, Ltd., 361 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow

The Chrysler Six

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Flirt to excess"

MES AMIS—

THE extreme in the way of the extravagant and the sensational is necessary to shake the phlegmatic denizens of the convivial corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse, but it has been done. They were nearly roused to a riot. This unexpected transformation of *soucoupe* accumulators from the limp to the lusty was brought about by the Bal de la Horde, the new association which is designed to bring the vigour of the caveman among the over-modernised and allegedly effete Parnassians.

TO qualify for entrance to this ball you had to wrap yourself in the villainous-looking skins dictated by *La Mode* in the days of the *préhistoriques*. Well, a couple of exponents of the superior virtues of the *sauvages* slipped into the error of parading their superiority at the angle of Thirsty Corner. There had already been words between the Moderns and the Ancients. Some of the Moderns, who had looked into history across the damp wastes of empty—and unpaid for—*soucoupes*, slightingly remarked that La Horde was not a prehistoric region at all, but a country of the Middle Ages, though it was inhabited, they were prepared to admit, by barbarians whom their present emulators were justified in aping, as they had much in common.

THE provocative couple, therefore, were obviously asking for bother—and got it. They naïvely imagined they had terrorised their antagonists when they saw the look of consternation caused by their effrontery. Then they learned the naked truth. They were torn skin from skin. But, apart from this *hors d'œuvre*, the Bal produced no casualties. Left to themselves, the cavemen were quite gentle and affectionate. But they have abandoned the idea of converting their allegedly "effete" antagonists by force.

THE theatre gave us a merry week for once in a way, with *L'Eternal Printemps*, by Henri Duvernois and Max Maurey, *Quand on est trois*, by the Vebers and *P.L.M.* by Rip. Duvernois and Maurey give the impression of borrowing with flattering generosity from Pirandello, but they have a lighter and wittier touch than the fashionable Italian, and nobody grunts over loans to which interest is added. *L'Eternal Printemps* is certainly one of the most buoyant comedies that has been set before Paris for a while, and the Variétés, classed as the *plus Parisien* of the Paris theatres, should not require to wonder about a successor for some months.

THERE is a peculiar tincture mixed in with the sprightliness and gaiety of *The Eternal Springtime*. It is virtuous affection slightly acidulated with a *soupçon* of naughtiness that has a rather dubious flavour possessing an exceptionally well-timed appeal to present Parisian taste. Adrien le Crapentier, a rather testy, though well-meaning young husband, loses his memory completely, following a shock contrived by Guitte, his wife, planned in order to improve relations. He is unable to remember anyone he has known, not even his wife, and walks off into the "wide." Madame and her party encounter him in the *boite de nuit* "Pélican"—excellently staged—and after preliminary failures to revive the vanished memory, Guitte le Crapentier begins to flirt with him as a stranger.

AS a stranger he is taken in, and Guitte recovers the lover of her honeymoon. She wins back her husband, but he is another man, and this, to a Parisian audience, is very piquant. Guitte le Crapentier is played by the winsome Mlle. Blanche Montel, who at last secures a front-rank opportunity to emphasise her gifts. With a *comedienne* of less delicate sensibilities the *libertinage* of the rôle might have run to excess and spoiled everything, but she contrives to give it almost a note of modesty. Apart from the plot there is great fun with the "King of the Petit-Pois," Dr. Pic, the born blunderer, and Maud Loty, pretending to be a *mannequin*, but

(Continued on page 414)

"Parading their superiority at the angle of Thirsty Corner"

OVALTINE
for Health and Beauty
Drink Delicious
"OVALTINE"

succeeding in being only the Maud Loty that is demanded of her.

ANOTHER apparently questionable marital relationship, open to misconstruction while really beyond reproach, is the main-spring of *Quand on est trois*, by Pierre and Serge Veber. Mlle. Livran, very feminine in spite of her masculine name of Claude, has come to the belief that *demoiselles* are *démodées* in the view of present-day eligibles, and that her sole chance to capture a husband lies in a pretence that she is already married. There being no spare "husband" around she puts the joy on to poor old father, who finds it all right for a time because he becomes newly "interesting" as the husband of a beautiful young wife.

BUT when Claude profits by the pose to flirt to excess he becomes embarrassed by the gossip, to which he is not allowed to turn a deaf ear. Similarly Claude is embarrassed by the high-speed reports of the carryings-on of her "husband." To embroil the complications, an inflammable aunt arrives to survey the conjugal honour of her brother-in-law with sisterly ardour—and more so. Pierre Veber loves to create dangerous complications for the pleasure of disentangling them at the last second, but his craftsmanship is almost too good—the unexpected almost becomes the obvious. Round about the over-stressed mechanism, however, there is plenty of witty dialogue, with cheery, effortless music; so, altogether, there is a balance of good marks.

BUT in the matter of mixing things up, Rip's *P.L.M.* would not bend the knee to a *salade russe*. It makes the other two new pieces look timidly straightforward. Rip starts with a first-class coach of a train returning from the Riviera to Paris, containing affianced couples, married couples, lonely individuals and other individuals who are friends to all the world. Long before that train has reached Marseilles, he has so tangled the passengers that they have to establish a new set of relationships to restore something tolerably resembling order. *P.L.M.* is a cross between a series of sketches from a revue and a living cinema, though it is called an operetta because the unfaltering M. Christiné has contributed a number of dance tunes—which will be immediately popular in the *dancings*. Like the Théâtre des Variétés, the Bouffes-Parisiens seems to be well assured for the spring *saison*.

"Create dangerous complications"

"Serious drama and *trop de jambes* do not harmonise"

THE shortcomings of the further abbreviated skirt are worrying the great critic Antoine, who is insisting, with Shakespeare, that the play's the thing. He has no fault to find with short skirts as short skirts—even in face of the present tendency to out-abbreviate kilts—so long as they are confined to the boulevards or the music-hall. Where they worry him is in serious drama. Serious drama and *trop de jambes* do not harmonise, he urges. He is undoubtedly right. Too many auditors become spectators, distracted from the thread of the plot to threads which do not need three acts to explain. And the actresses are obviously embarrassed by this diversion of interest, which is not as it should be, wot you not?

RENÉ

Do you use WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap?

—then here is a wonderful gift

This beautiful handbag Free!

This beautiful HANDBAG is free, and can be quickly obtained by following the instructions below.

We are confident that all ladies will be delighted with this bag, as it is made of the finest quality poult-de-soie, ruched, and lined with bright silks of contrasting colours. The fastening is a strong nickel-plated one, and the bag is made with an inner division and holds a captive mirror.

This fine black silk bag adds distinction to the smartest toilette

A Lady from Blackpool writes:—

"I am in receipt of your letter of the 26th inst., and also your parcel of to-day's post, and wish to avail myself of the earliest opportunity of expressing my appreciation of both. The bag despatched by you is really beautiful, and far exceeds my highest expectations. Please accept my very sincere thanks for your kindness, courtesy, and promptitude."

These Bags are British Made

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Simply save the boxes in which Wright's Coal Tar Soap is sold (1/6 per box of 3 tablets) and also the printed wrappers round the soap itself. When you have collected 20 boxes, cut out the yellow oval picture of the soap on each and send with 60 wrappers to "Handbags," Dept. 59, Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., Southwark, London, S.E.1.

Said *and Unsaid*

"JENKYN," a gentleman remarked the other day, "the things that I *thought* on smoking an ordinary cigarette after becoming acquainted with your Kensitas are best left unsaid."

Jenkyn

STANDARD SIZE
VIRGINIA
20 for 1/-

In Packets of 10 *and* 20
In Boxes of 50 *and* 100
Extra Large Virginia 20 for 1/5

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Kensitas
the preferred cigarette

YOGO HAMA GOES YACHTING

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

IT has occurred itself to my mind the thought that very perhapsly 2 or 3 several Hon. BYSTANDER readers are interest in yackting in all its branches and other equivalent maritime sportings. If supposing this are so, the as follows article shall enormously interest them, also purvey some goodish hintings to nautical non-sophisticates and other landlubbing persons. Yackting, I adumbrate, are very noble and Spartan sporting which consists to be blown in a yackt from point to point at tremendous expenses while suffering discommodes, stomach distempers and suchly hardy virtues like as Hon. Sir Drake, Hon. Sir C. Columbus and other celebrated sea-hounds which have caused to be painted red the Hon. British Empire. It are this so great Brtsh. love for marine discomforts which has enable for so long Hon. Britannia to rule the waves with her fork, but not to so far as yet win the American Cup or other marine ashes.

"Attired in chicish marine garments"

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to imbottle these nautical eulogics which all have been sung by Hon. Sir Kipling in very more better words than you can achieve to produce," you ensneer, Hon. Sir?

Alasly, that are very non-deniable truth, so I shall not commit any more frenzies, but enumerate you some very genuine brass tacks which not anybody who dotes to yackt should afford to miss.

It happened to take place as thusly. Hon. relative cousin name of Matsu made to purchase himself a wind yackt, which it struck me to be great foolishness because he are so ignoramus nautically that he cannot distinguish to tell the starboard tack from a lee scupper. Howeverly, he had the sufficient good senses to seek my advices because of my so famous all-round sporting informations which are non-equalled by any contemporary.

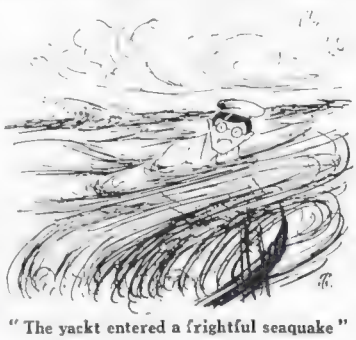
So, attire in chicish marine garments, Hon. Matsu and self made to visit aforesaidly yackt which he had so non-sensibly made purchase. "You should thank gratefully your good-luck stars for causing you to possess a cousin Yogo, otherwisely you might mount your yackt and be blown into a maroon or other nautical phenomenon, Matsu," I inform admonishly.

"Indeedly yes, and you are very good sorts, Yogo. I shall make you to captain my yackt and drive him at authorised speeds to a port or other marine destination," Matsu response.

We then acquired some marine necessities like as beer and so forths, and I de-hooked the anchor.

"Kindly to weigh same and inform me the result, if any," I commanded clipishly. "Also to politely port a starboard halyard so I can push up the sails and imbottle some winds."

Hon. Matsu are a law student and very dull-headed which causes him to immediately lose his brains at a very small provocation or other crisis. My fierce nautical words produced him a panic so that he pushed the wrong rope causing me severeish entanglements in the sails and suchly maritime dilemmas.



"The yackt entered a frightful seaquake"

"You are very stupendous lubber, Matsu, and entirely non-nautical," I bark scornishly. "Hoist the scuppers and belay same, also avast heaving."

This made Matsu to again commit a panic and sit on a port tack, causing him to declam very piousless words. Not any the lessly, I succeeded to push up the sails and obtain some very h.p. winds in them. Soonly we were navigating at enormous knots to the mile like as a racing equine at Ascot or Henley.

"Acquired some marine necessities"

"Should it not be good wisdoms to shut the throttle, Yogo, otherwisely we shall be stop by an Hon. constabular for exceeding enormously the legitimate speed limit?" Matsu impipe.

"This shows you to be a very colossal bluehorn because wind sails do not possess a throttle," I response. "Also there are not any nautical speed limits even for a 100 miles per h.p. But consider, Matsu, are it not enormously delicious to imbibe the marine ozone and suchly oceanic perks, also to be free as a lark or other marine songster?"

"Severeish entanglements"

Matsu made not any response, but disgorged only a profoundish groan from his teeth. Then he made to suddenly project overboard his head and to enjoy some very supreme spasms and other stomach hardships.

"Ha, ha, this exposes you to be a very nonsea-dog and a stupendous lubber," I chucker gleeishly. "You

We enjoyed great sufferings"

will not ever succeed to be an Hon. Sir T. Lipton or other nautical admiral."

"To the damn with Hon. Sir T. Lipton, the sea and also Rule Britannia and yackting," Matsu bemoan very non-theologically. "O, I wish I was non-alive with Hon. ancestors!"

"We imbited many numerous bottles of beer"

I did not admonstrate him for his so shocking words because I began to also feel non-well in my lower latitudes. Soonly I pushed overboard my head and projected very frightfully so that I enormously wished to become non-alive like as Matsu. Alreadily the very beastly sea had opened and swallowed so much of me, I think it a pity it does not swallow me all. We enjoyed great sufferings for non-countable hours till we were hollow as a bottle and could not produce any more emitions because of not any left. Before not so very long the yackt entered a frightful seaquake and I considered to myself if this should be a marine millennium or suchly nautical catastrophic, it should be very bad look-outs for me because of my so non-ecclesiastical life and other carnal luxuries. Howeverly, the waves did not engorge us and grew to become as calm like a puddle, so I plucked up to be very happy and non-theological I-ce more. Presently not any wind arrived to blow our propelling sails and we remained entirely non-movable.

We imbibed many numerous bottles of beer for good spirits and then it began to blow a wind which caused us to successfully propel back to Grt. Britain. We then debarked ourselves and, very non-shevelled and degag, we hied home to our lodgings-abodes.

"Very non-shevelled and degag"

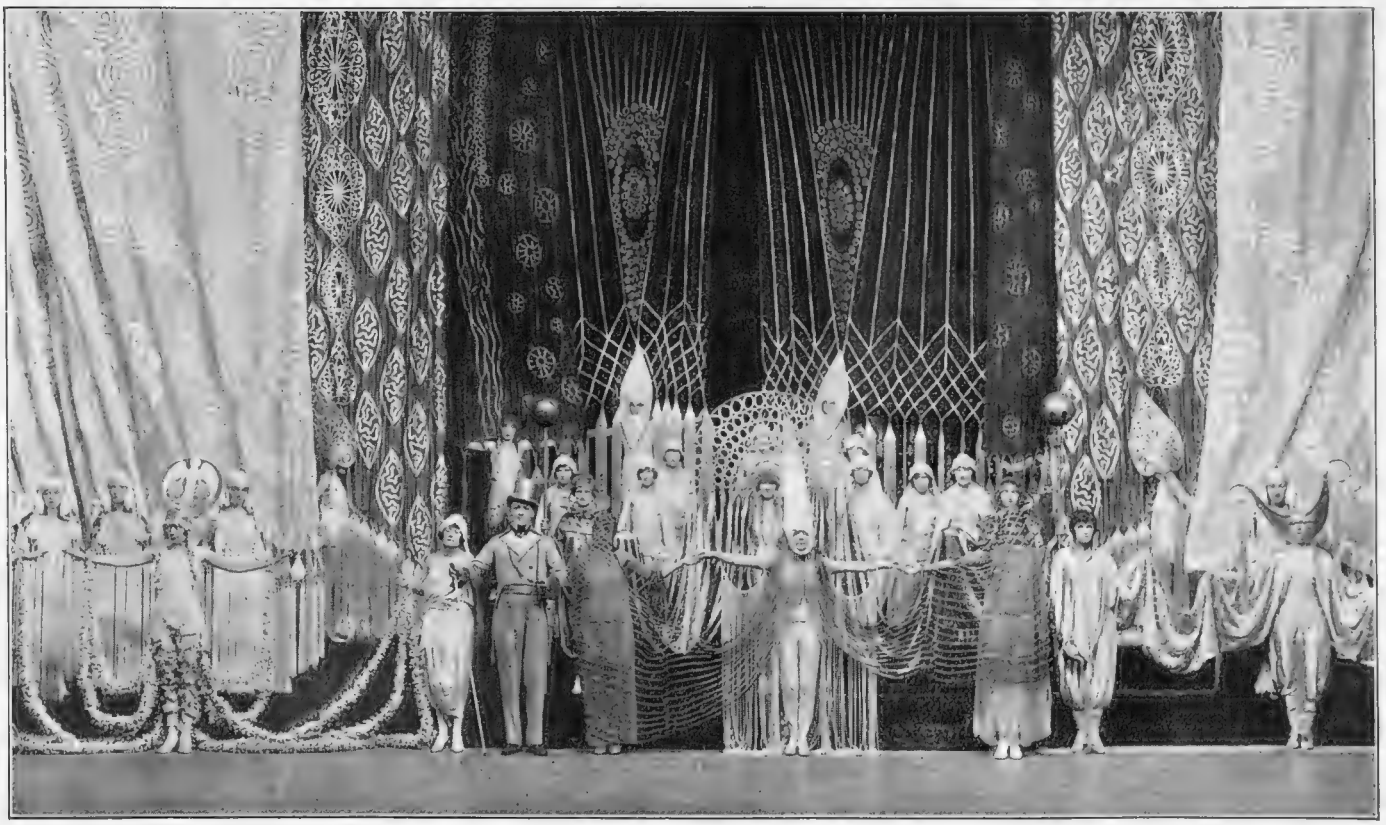
"O how luscious it are to sit on a terra firma"

We do not, I bemuse, enumerate our good blessings till they are denuded from us. O how luscious it are to sit on a terra firma which does not rise up to engorge you, or cause stomach evolutions. I do not think I shall ever greatly dote to plant my feet on the waves any more, but very reversely to stoutishly adhere myself to the earth.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your esteemed healths are very top-holeish,

I remain

Yogo Hama



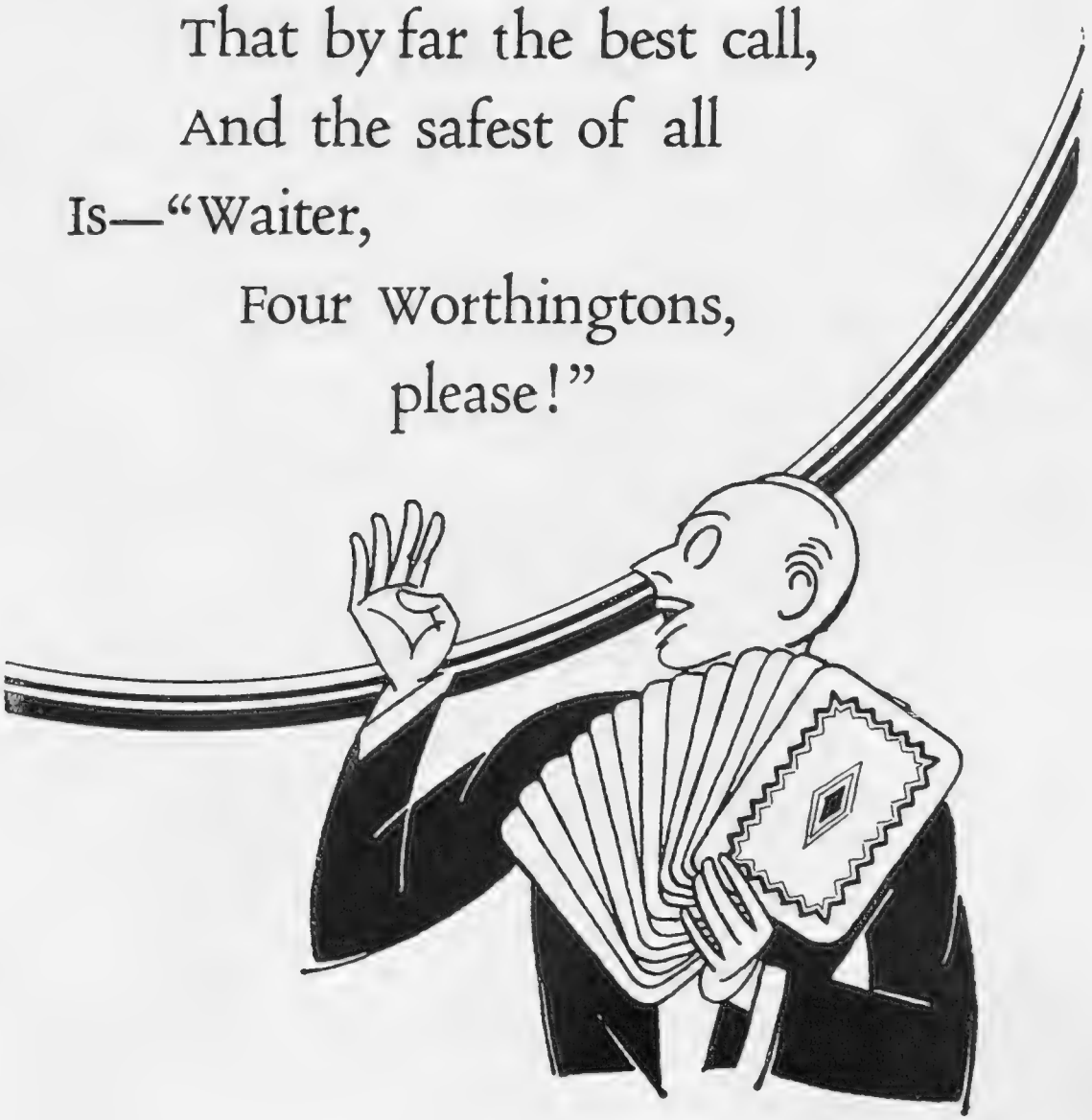
SKY HIGH LIGHTS AT THE PALLADIUM *Stage Photo Co.*

Miss Lorna Pounds and Company (Unlimited) in a decorative scena, Wedding Bells, in "Sky High," the new revue at the Palladium. The attractive curtains and costumes represent cotton, silver, gold and diamond wedding anniversaries

Worthington Limericks

No. 2. The solution of that problem so often met with in life as well as in bridge—"What should 'A' do now?"

There's a bridge club known as St. P's,
Where every good player agrees
That by far the best call,
And the safest of all
Is—"Waiter,
Four Worthingtons,
please!"



MARGOT
Writes from Town

DEAREST,—Yesterday, I had the nicest half-hour of shopping that anyone could imagine. Let me tell you all about it. Chancing to be in Regent Street I espied a perfect dream of a shop-window. It was framed in the Louis Seize style I admire so much, and in a setting of ruby-red velvet on champagne-tinted backgrounds the most superb collection of adornments riveted my gaze. All were pearls, and if it hadn't been that they were clearly marked "replicas of the real," I should never have dreamed they were not of ocean origin. They were, as perhaps you've guessed already, the true Ciro Pearls I had often heard of and always longed for.

* * * *

I COULDN'T resist entering, but when the doors opened the showrooms I saw were a revelation. Not just an ordinary "shop" with counters where you feel you must make your purchase as quickly as possible, and make way for the next comer. There was nothing like that in the tasteful Ciro salon. You felt you might be a guest in a West-End drawing-room, as you sat at your ease at a little table and examined in comfort the pearls shown and explained to you by a courteous expert. There was no hurry, no pressure to buy. I only wanted to spend a guinea or two, but if I had been expending thousands at one of the finest jewellers in Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix, I couldn't have been treated with greater consideration.

* * * *

THE Ciro Pearl necklet I finally decided upon is an absolute gem. When we meet next week you will admire it, I know. It was strung specially to my liking, with just the sizes and tint of pearls I fancied. And what pleased me too, was the offer made me before I left, that if, after wearing it, I wanted any little thing altered, it would be done willingly at any time; and whenever the necklet needed restringing—and you know all pearls, even the costliest real ones, want this attention sometimes—the Ciro Pearl Service was at my disposal.

* * * *

THEY told me, too, that if any of my friends not able to visit their showrooms personally, would send a guinea they would receive a sixteen inch necklet post free, with a solid gold clasp in a dainty case, and if after wearing it for a fortnight, and comparing with any real pearls they could distinguish any difference the Ciro firm would refund their money in full. That's what I call the acme of fair dealing, don't you?

* * * *

BY the way, perhaps I ought to give you their full name and addresses. It is Ciro Pearls, Ltd., and the head establishment is at 178 Regent Street. W. At 48 Old Bond Street, W., is another Ciro salon, and also in the City at 120 Cheapside, E.C. They have showrooms as well at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and I understand that only at the Ciro establishments can anyone be certain of obtaining true Ciro Pearls, which means everything to anyone who knows anything of pearl quality. Oh, I forgot to say the Ciro firm handed me their latest booklet full of fine illustrations of all their newest notions in necklets, ropes, rings, earrings, pendants, and brooches. It's well worth keeping and they will send it, post free, to anyone who asks. Lots more to tell you when we meet again. *Au revoir!*

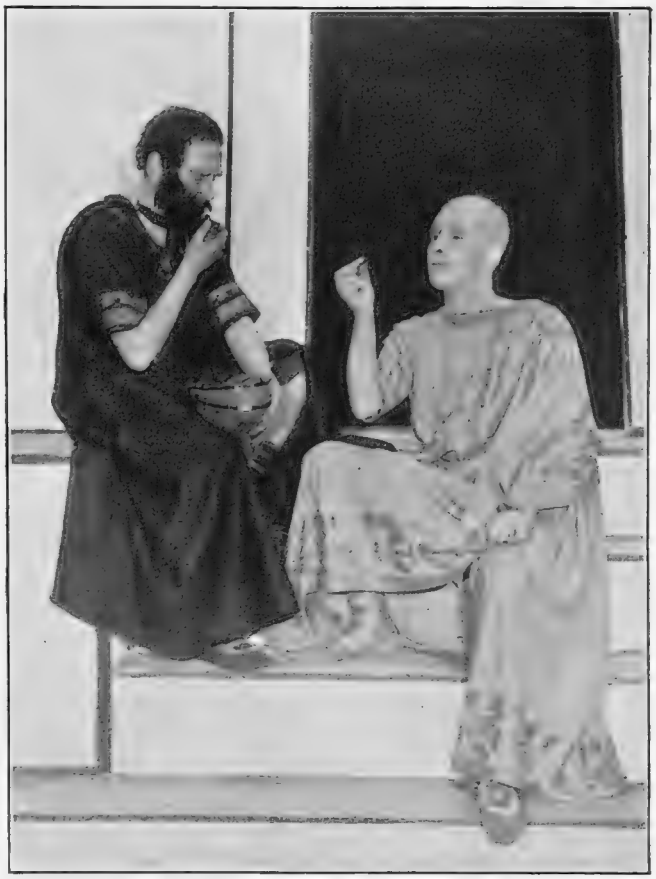
MARGOT

Camera Study of Miss Nora Swinburne wearing Ciro Pearls

The Birmingham Players in "Cæsar and Cleopatra"

AT THE FOOT OF THE SPHINX

Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Cleopatra and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke as Cæsar in the Kingsway revival of Mr. G. B. Shaw's famous play



DATES IN AN HISTORICAL PLAY

Cæsar and Rufio (Mr. Frank Moore) enjoy a frugal meal of dates—more digestive, one hopes, than the kind with which history books are studded

Photographs "I HAVE IMMORTAL LONGINGS IN ME" *"Sasha"*

Cleopatra (Miss Ffrangcon-Davies) and Charmian (Miss Helen Saintsbury) in contemplative mood

Mr. Barry Jackson's Birmingham Company has scored another London success in their brilliant production of Mr. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" at the Kingsway Theatre

WHEN IT'S MOWING TIME—

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *May* 4

DEAR COUSIN—

Is there anything in the whole world, I wonder, quite so soothingly exciting as the soft whirring sound of a mowing-machine in this merrie month of May? Rather like the hum of bees, it is—and *they've* started work, too, by the way. Or play, perhaps, would be a rather better word—what? Anyway, buzzing around like mad they are already about the hyacinths and tulips, and bluebells and pear-blossoms, and all the rest of the early summer flowers.

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FORECASTS, both of them, of perfectly lovely times to come. . . . And, oh! the heavenly smell of the cut grass on the shaven sward as the mild May sun shines down on it with a cheerful smile. Whether it's on a lawn, with the big trees around nodding their fresh young tender pale-green leaves. . . . Or on the golf links, where at long last the marshiness of winter's o'er and past, and the little ball once more sits up nicely and cheerfully and obediently, all ready to be smacked some two hundred yards or so, instead of burrowing into the earth and having to be hacked crossly and furiously out with niblicks and things. . . .

卐

BUT when the sun (occasionally) smiles, now that May is here, you find yourself, don't you? positively *urged* to go and beat a ball about, or something. Even actually, and most surprising of all, sometimes to go and *watch* our national game of cricket, now once more, I believe, in more or less full swing. Or polo that they've started in on again at Ranelagh and Roehampton and Hurlingham, though the really big matches don't get going just yet awhile. Even beginning to talk of the river, some bold spirits are, and babbling of punts at Marlow or the opening of Murray's river club at Maidenhead.

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NOT that there aren't other sports on the *tapis* too—frock-hunting, for instance, but then, that always seems to be in season, doesn't it all the year round? Rules of the game have a way of keeping on changing though—latest being that you simply *must* have a black, blue or brown frock for day wear, and everything else to match, though of course, you can get quite a lot of scope in colours in the way of hats, etcet., as long as it all works into the scheme.

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DANCING, too, would appear to be going stronger than ever, and the prophets of gloom who once pronounced it to be a sort of passing craze may now, methinks, finally retire to their caves, or eyries, in a state of utter confusion and shame. For the votaries thereof are by all signs getting keener and keener—and not merely the flippers and flappers, either, as they call them in America (flip being the masculine of flap), who are just tasting the first rosy rapture, and all that kind of thing.

"At the Academy"

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AS, for instance, at a nice supper-party I went to at Sherry's the other night, where they give you the loveliest food and have also just started such a sweet little dance floor—about the size of the Embassy's on a specially full night, when more and more tables keep being brought in and there's less and less room to move about in as every moment flits by. And I suppose it's very mundane of me, but must confess that when anyone gives me really perfect spring chicken, commonly (or exceptionally) known on menus as *poussin*, I go more or less all-of-a-doodah with (an, of course, refined kind of) greed. Yes, I know it's hard luck on the poor little things that they should have such short lives, but if only they knew what pleasure they give us I'm sure they'd be only too pleased and proud to have obliged. Also providing, *n'est-ce-pas*, yet another summer sport, what? Unusual kinds of food, by the way, at the little Cosmo Club in Wardour Street, name being short for Cosmopolitan (and looks it), where I sampled delicious "corn on the cob," "chili con carne" and "tamales," sternly eschewing *escargots* and *grenouilles*, while dancing there at midnight.

"If only they knew what pleasure they give"

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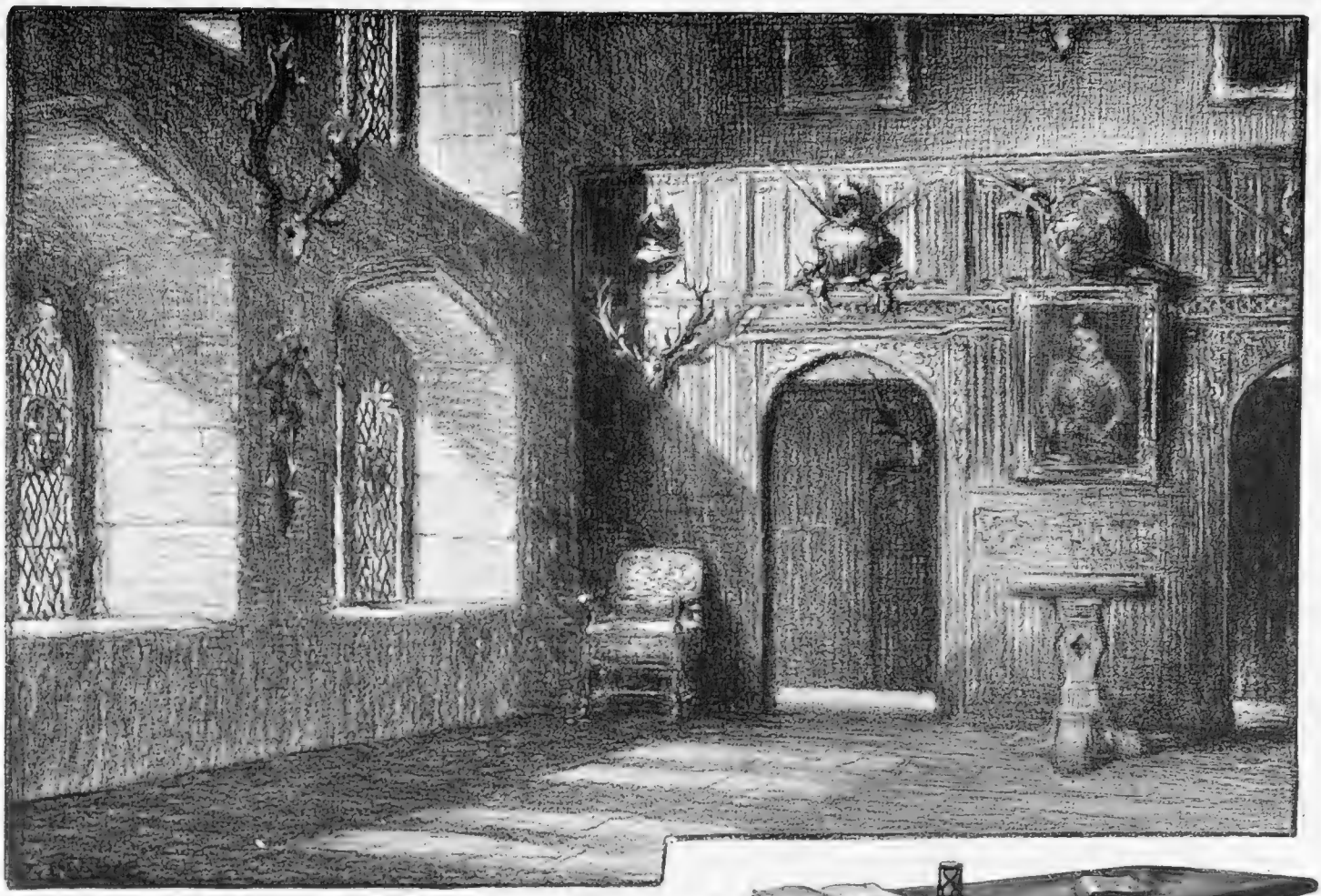
TALKING of dances, seem to be more sumptuously supplied therewith this . . . well, don't let's call it summer for fear of arousing envy or Ate among the immortal gods, but anyway this sort of period of the

(*Continued on page 424*)



A corner of the Hall, Compton Wynyates, Warwickshire.

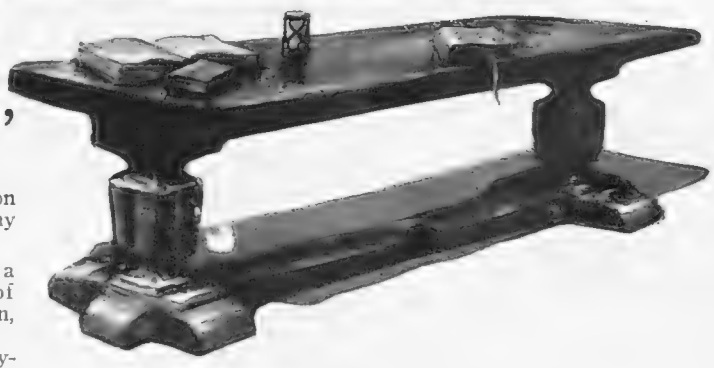
"A faire mannour house"

THUS a seventeenth-century chronicler writes of Compton Wynyates, but the description hardly does justice to what many consider to be the most charming house in England.

The name Wynyates tells of a vineyard once cultivated here. In a deep valley this quaintly picturesque mansion was built, largely of material taken from the old Castle of Fulbrooke, by Sir William Compton, who was a page and later a favourite courtier of Henry the Eighth. Strangely fascinating is this irregularly planned two-storey pile of many-tinted, mediæval brickwork, with its mossy-tiled and many-chimneyed roofs, carven-timbered gables and crenated copings. The vaulted banqueting hall, with its minstrels' galleries, the old chapel, the withdrawing room, and many another panelled apartment in the interior, conjures up visions of days long past.

Though the house stands in such a peaceful and secluded situation, it did not pass undisturbed through those troublous times. During the Civil War the family espoused the Royalist cause, and Sir William's great-grandson, the Earl of Northampton, took part in many engagements, finally falling in an over-zealous charge at Hopton Heath. Meantime his house was besieged and garrisoned by the Parliamentary forces and narrowly escaped destruction when the neighbouring church was reduced to ruins.

At the time when Compton Wynyates was in peril of destruction, what has been described as the finest of Scotland's produce—John Haig Scotch Whisky—had just embarked on its first stage to that universal popularity it now enjoys by reason of its ever-consistent excellence of quality.



A quaintly-designed heavy oak table, period about the end of the 16th century; a transitional form between the board and trestle of mediæval days and the four-legged tables of later design.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

By Appointment.

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

year . . . than can be recalled within most mortal memories. That big Stage Guild Ball a week or two ago was a welcome novelty, and now to-night, as ever is, the Faculty of Arts are giving a great costume dance at Grosvenor House, which, of course, will be over by the time you read this.

卐

But what a good idea, isn't it, having these big dance shows when the season's more or less on, instead of tucking them away into autumn and winter as has mostly so far been the post-War way. Just catch people in their stride—seems to me a far better idea. And *what* a relief, too, for the diligent and conscientious dancer at those countless highly respectable affairs that figure in the *Times* dance list (white gloves quite frequently worn) to dash away at midnight to some of the more cosmopolitan revels, and carry on there, *sans* any responsibility to *débutante* partners, till 4 or 5 or possibly even more a.m.

卐

Academy, by the way, opens to the general public to-day, as ever is, and from what I managed to glimpse on Friday at the usual P.V. crush, imagine the aforesaid pub. will be equally gratified, and no more strikingly *épaté*, than usual, by the production thereof. A rather nice Shannon of Mrs. Winston, and Sir John Lavery's one of Steve Donoghue, are among what you might call the specially popular efforts. But then tastes vary, do they not?

"Dash away at midnight"

卐

Wembley opening once more this next Saturday . . . it's a solemn thought, isn't it? Let's hope by that time that the nice Dominion's Restaurant on the Stadium Terrace, where they serve quite cheap Dominion luncheons and things, with Colonial wines for the patriotic, will have changed the uniform of their waitresses. Red, white and black they were last week when I went to look at Wembley putting its house in order. But, perhaps, that was a delicate British Empire way of acknowledging Hindenburg as the Hun's new President. *Oh ciel, Tonnerwetter,* and Gawdelpus—let's listen, shall us, to the soft and soothing whirr of the mower instead, as it travels tranquilly over our sunlit lawns.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

POST FREE TO-DAY—HAMPTONS' NEW BOOK "C.155," illustrating, in colour, the latest productions and best values in tasteful FURNITURE, CARPETS, FABRICS, and other HOME FURNISHINGS.

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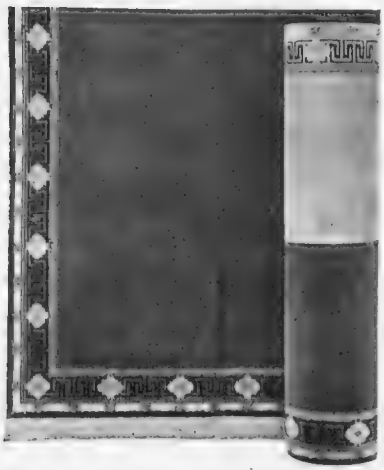

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9 0 x	6 9	7	19	6
9 0 x	9 0	10	13	0
10 6 x	4 6	6	4	6
10 6 x	6 9	9	6	6
10 6 x	9 0	12	8	6
12 0 x	4 6	7	2	0
12 0 x	6 9	10	13	0
12 0 x	9 0	14	4	0
12 0 x	11 3	17	15	0
13 6 x	9 0	15	19	6
13 6 x	11 3	19	19	6
13 6 x	13 6	23	19	6
15 0 x	9 0	17	15	0
15 0 x	11 3	22	3	6
15 0 x	13 6	26	12	6
16 6 x	11 3	24	8	6
16 6 x	13 6	29	6	0
18 0 x	11 3	26	12	6
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8 10 x	8 11	17	6	6
9 2 x	8 3	16	16	0
10 3 x	7 0	15	15	0
10 8 x	7 10	18	2	0
10 8 x	9 1	21	5	0
11 4 x	8 5	20	3	0
11 4 x	9 2	22	16	6
11 7 x	9 1	22	4	6
11 11 x	9 10	26	14	0
12 1 x	9 2	24	6	0
12 5 x	8 11	25	4	6
12 6 x	10 2	27	17	6
12 11 x	10 1	28	4	0
13 3 x	9 8	28	2	0
13 7 x	10 2	30	6	0
13 9 x	10 11	32	19	0
14 0 x	11 0	33	16	0
14 11 x	12 0	39	7	0
14 8 x	11 0	38	1	6
14 10 x	9 10	32	0	0
15 3 x	10 7	35	7	0
15 2 x	12 0	39	19	0
15 10 x	12 9	44	5	6
15 2 x	13 1	43	11	0
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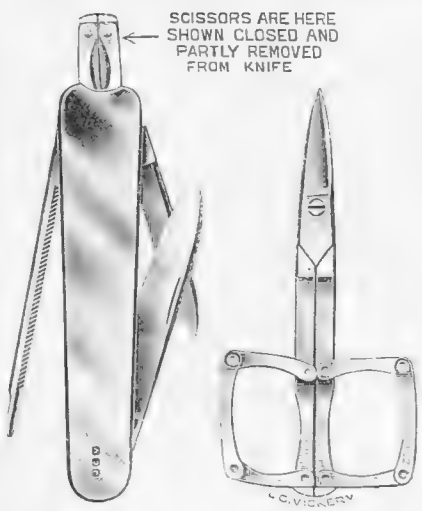

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A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

ONE likes to think that all novelists are blameless and upright and wholly admirable people. They may be called on to make their characters do all sorts of horrible things, they may connive at murders and thefts and cruelties so to speak, but—if one is right—they have only their imagination and the newspaper reports of criminal trials to help them. And perhaps it is for this reason that so few of the villains, or even the mere "rotters," of fiction are free from all hint of exaggeration. That wicked Sir Jasper with his beastly moustache, or the cruel old Earl of Hardacres who laughs (at the wrong moment) in the most cynical manner, are still very popular figures, but they are types which are rarely to be found in real life.

IT sometimes happens, however, that a writer will paint a villain's portrait so authentically and so well that even if your sympathy for him is never aroused, you feel that you would rather have made his acquaintance than met a dozen of even the jolliest and most human of heroes. Such a fellow is one Marmaduke Abney, who is for ever lurking in the background of Mr. Allan Monkhouse's new novel, *My Daughter Helen* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Marmaduke is not so much villain, I suppose, as "rotter," for he is one of those unfortunate men whom nothing and nobody could ever save from himself. He knows what he is, can even joke about his shortcomings; and yet, although he can be grateful to friends for their well-meant efforts to help him, he can hardly bring himself to take serious notice of them.

AND in this unusually fine novel, you watch the long drawn-out struggle of a loving family to reclaim its bad sheep. Wife and father-in-law and friends—all do their utmost, but you know well enough that there is never a spark of real hope. It all sounds, I admit, rather gloomy, but although the story is tragic, the novel itself is never depressing. One knows that such things happen; one is pained and angry at one's helplessness in their presence, even annoyed to be told about them, but Mr. Monkhouse will offend nobody, for his book is a real work of art, which is written throughout in a style of the greatest distinction.

I REMEMBER very well the excitement which Mr. Compton Mackenzie created with the publication of his second novel *Carnival*. It was a singularly beautiful story about a dancer and a young man who could not bring himself to the point of flinging everything away for love. And now, years afterwards, we are given a sequel which, if it will not create the excitement that the other book caused, is a pretty example of its author's artistry. *Coral* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) tells the story of the man's own daughter who does what her father did not dare to do. She marries beneath her, marries a chauffeur who—. But I must not detail the plot. It will be sufficient to say that her husband is not the chauffeur of polite fiction, but a real man of flesh and blood, true to his class, an uncouth hero perhaps, but easily understood. As for Coral, she is almost as delightful as, though very different from, the dancing girl whom her father had loved. As always, there are passages of singular beauty, and the book should be assured of a great success.

WITH THE AMATEURS

Four of the players in the production of "Faust" performed by the Percy Richards Amateur Opera Company at the Scala Theatre yesterday and to-day (Wednesday). The photograph shows Miss Bettie Allan as Martha (left), Mr. H. Hither as Mephistopheles, Miss Winifred Cole as Marguerite, and Mr. Percy Richards as Faust

THE lover of racing extracts far more enjoyment from the sport than is provided merely by the excitement of the ring and the fierce rush of a closely-contested struggle. When all the clamour of the racecourse has died away he likes to study the breeding of the winners, and to endeavour to ascertain from which lines of blood the greatest excellence is obtained. He likes, too, to compare the conformation of the champions of one generation of thoroughbreds with those of another. He will assuredly find much to delight him in *Famous Horses of the British Turf*, of which the second volume has just been published. To glance through its pages is to live again through the most stirring racing scenes of the past year. Mr. Arthur W. Coaten has presented a picture of the Turf in 1924 which, interesting as we find it to-day, will assuredly be highly instructive in years to come. The careers of all the best performers last year have been dealt with by an acknowledged authority on the subject. There are few chapters which do not throw an interesting light on some of the most surprising results of the season, for Mr. Coaten has had the advantage of the assistance of the owners and trainers of the famous animals with whom he deals. This handsome volume, published by the British Bloodstock Agency, 26, Charing Cross Road, at 30*s.*, is superbly illustrated by Mr. W. A. Rouch, whose pictures represent equine photography in its best and most attractive form.

MR. HENRY BAERLEIN does not desert Central Europe in his new novel *Here Are Dragons* (Leonard Parsons: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and that is all to the good, for he is one of the few English writers who really know something of those new countries which the War helped to bring into more than a theoretical being. The new book could be described in many ways; perhaps it is best to say of it that in the happiest way it crystallises out the birth of Czecho-Slovakia, giving you the opportunity of seeing in just what fashion this revolution without bloodshed was contrived. It is a quiet little story in itself, though the drama is there right enough, and on every page is that joyous light touch which Mr. Baerlein has made his own.

I OWE apologies to Miss Isabel Neilson for misnaming the title of her novel, *Madonna and the Student*. By a slip of the pen I wrote *Madonna and the Saint*. My notice of the book, I am afraid, was not a very cordial one, but I may repeat here what I said before, that as a picture of post-war Munich the novel is of quite unusual interest.

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Look in the mirror again and again; realise all that can be done to make you beautiful, to keep you beautiful. And remember that, to care intelligently for your looks, you need the advice of a specialist of comprehensive learning, of progressive ideas—*Helena Rubinstein.*

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A BIGAMIST AT BAY

When the Editor presented me with a borrowed copy of Mr. Ralph Straus's intriguingly named new book, *Married Alive*, and told me that as all words of more than two syllables had been carefully split up I might read it and give him an opinion, I took it as a direct compliment to my talents. But before I had gone very far I was brought up by a sudden jolt. *This harmless-looking novel dealt with bigamy!* What did the Editor mean? Did he suspect my past? Was I expected to produce an expert article signed "Reformed Bigamist"? But no, of course not. For here is Mr. Straus writing knowledgeably about a double blue for bigamy as it were, and yet I know from our personal relations that my distinguished colleague (I hope I am giving no secrets away) is eminently respectable. Therefore, why should I be suspect? It was only my guilty—I mean my fun. Ha! Ha!

*

Married Alive opens with the nervous breakdown of Charles Aloysius Orde, M.B., F.R.S., Fellow of St. Mary's College, Cambridge, and University Reader in Social Psychology. His lectures are exceedingly popular, as he enjoys a reputation for being "daring" and "advanced"—and in these days of verbatim police-court reports we all know what *that* means. Orde is bidden by his medical adviser to take a complete rest, and, with more docility than the average nephew displays, places himself under the care of an aged and wealthy aunt, Lady Rocket. This lady is kindness itself. And though you may think her just a trifle garrulous to have charge of a case of nervous prostration, she is very amusing, and more than lives up to her name with a veritable pyrotechnic display of wit. She takes Orde to a small seaside place in Cornwall, and here they meet a charming but mysterious Mr. Duxbury. He, and an equally charming, but much more obvious, Mrs. Duxbury, save Orde's life. Soon after, Mr. Duxbury is suddenly called away "on business," and Orde, as becomes a man whose reputation as a theorist on feminine motive and psychology is world-wide, finds Mrs. Duxbury an insoluble problem. This is only the first of his problems however, for later he unexpectedly meets his rescuer with a different Mrs. Duxbury! The bigamist decamps, leaving Orde alone with a brace of Duxburys. Orde, all his theories indignantly thrown to the winds, then finds that there is a third "wife"—"a regular virgo," as one of the local tradesmen miscalls her. It is only after many adventures and trials that a *fourth* wife is discovered, and the tangled knot neatly unravelled.

"MARRIED ALIVE"

An attractive cover design for "Married Alive," the new book written by our reviewer, Mr. Ralph Straus, just published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall

*

Mr. Straus writes with a facile pen. He is urbane and amusing, and the printed lines of this book have fallen in pleasant places, among people of culture and leisure, who collect sporting prints, play real tennis, and organise country-house cricket matches. The book ends on a happy note, and I for one am glad that the plausible bigamist is allowed to go free.

Which reminds me. I wonder how much the Editor knows. . . .

BERTRAM L'ASHEZ

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FEMINA

PARIS AND POSE

By "CANDIDA"

By this time it's dawned upon most of us that the pose for the season is no longer a rumour, but an established fact. It, or anyway its expression, has been sketched in the papers and worn in the Park in the first five minutes of sunshine. To be explicit: there's a new pose every season, but sometimes it's so rare and expensive that only the privileged and discerning are able to indulge. Then, later on, it's a problem for great minds to tackle, the problem of making forty-nine and sixpence suggest forty-nine guineas to the life. To their credit, let it be said that they succeed well enough, provided you're not too particular about quality and details. Finally, the rare and expensive pose becomes everybody's pose.

Not, of course, that poses are mentioned. "Fashion" is a safer and more self-respecting word which doesn't give one half so much to think. For it's obvious that we're sincere or nothing, and who would care to be accused of posing when one's only wearing the latest for its own sake, or because there's nothing else to be had for the buying? To live peaceably one must do as the world does, which, more often than not, means a pose of some sort. Good, bad, or indifferent, it's thrust upon one. Therefore, it's satisfactory to notice that this year's pose is quite a nice one, as poses go. And if you still ask "Why pose at all?" I repeat that it's got to be done for a quiet life, and also that it's very dull to be just a woman. A man may think her an alluring mystery, if she's pretty, and he's young and romantic enough not to know any better. But a woman knows that to be merely a woman is like being a picture without a frame, too incomplete to face criticism. But to be a woman plus a pose, *the* pose for choice, is to have a *raison d'être*. Incidentally, lots of wonderful people are making their fortunes by supplying this *raison d'être*, especially in Paris, where all polite posing comes from. And why not? The important thing is not who invented the pose of the moment, but whether it's good enough to make sufficient converts in a sufficiently short time. For the lifetime of a pose is strictly limited.

There have always been three poses, the masculine, the feminine, and the intermediate, which isn't to be recommended if you're out to make an impression. Everybody knows the masculine way, the skirts that are almost trousers, the hard, felt hats, the ties, the sticks, the general air of efficiency and wide-awakeness which is its special trade-mark. The feminine is equally over-emphasised. It deals in fluttering chiffons, in posies, ribbons, and large blue eyes, in "clinging female" ways masking the firm determination to do nothing for oneself while there remains one foolish man to shoulder the responsibility. "Exploded, all this," you'll say, "dead as the dodo, and anyway frocks and frills such as these aren't souls, and a pose is something more than skin, certainly more than chiffon-deep." It is; but souls aren't as visible to the naked eye as frocks are. You can't discuss the former, whereas the latter are the best indication of what the highbrows call our mentality. That's why the pose begins with

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a frock and ends with a soul, or, if you prefer it, it begins with a soul and ends with a frock.

WORDS were given us to hide our thoughts, and clothes to disguise, not to reveal, our souls. Why lift all the veils? You may be as terrifically bright and clever as you please, and nobody'll mind so long as you don't insist on looking the part. Fascinating lady explorers whom one's met, each one inevitably described as "the only white woman who ever penetrated," etc., etc., tell us all about their incredible adventures in the latest *tunique surprise* with the proper *godets* in all the proper places, and, of course, the last word in shingles. Successful poetesses (and it takes some genius nowadays to make poetry sufficiently unpoetic to go down) wear the shortest skirts and the tightest little hats, though you'd have thought that their brains would have objected to being squeezed into such a small circumference of felt. The idea is to look as extraordinarily ordinary as it's possible to look. The new pose isn't interested in brains; it prefers muscle.

A TERRIFYING pose! It isn't exactly a masculine one, though it has borrowed the aggressive neatness, nor a feminine one, though it has stolen the charm. In the morning you've got to look as if you had scored, or were just going to score, triumphs on some field of battle—of golf or tennis, I mean. The French call it *l'allure sportive*, and sporting you've got to look whether such is your bent or not. In the evening the feminine note makes up for all this. Your gossamer frock flutters about you, and all is as it should be, except that you can't have it both ways.

MRS. R. D. MACKAY

With her daughter, Sonia Mary, who was recently christened in St. Mary Abbotts, Kensington, by the Bishop of Willesden. Mrs. Mackay is the daughter of Mr. L. G. Sloan, J.P.

STRENUOUSNESS is the pose this season, the strenuousness of the champion. It isn't done merely with short skirts and general commonsensicalness. That would be too easy; that would be shrieking from the housetops the secret invented by the great Monsieur X and given to you in exchange for something handsome in guineas. He paints the picture as an artist should with the usual loving care. Whether you really live up to his athletic ideal is neither here nor there. As I've said before, the pose is the thing. CANDIDA

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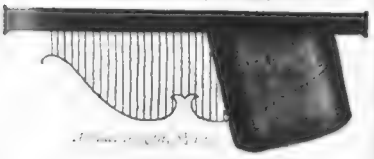

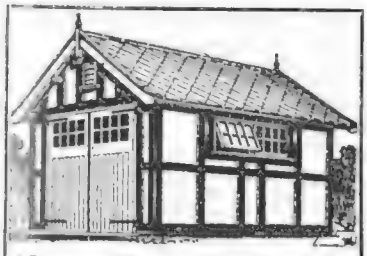

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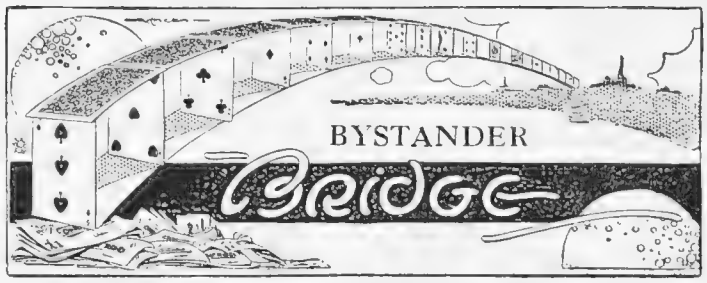


By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

PARTNERSHIP NIGHTS

At many "Cock and Hen" Bridge Clubs it is customary to have certain afternoons and evenings for playing Partnership. On these occasions the ordinary procedure of cutting for partners at the end of each rubber is abandoned. For better or worse you have to remain tied to one partner in the bonds of "Bridgelock" for the whole of the sittings. This may prove a delight, or it may not. I have known occasions when the union has been blissful. On the other hand, it has happened that the self-chosen partners have, in the course of the evening, conceived such mutual hatred that they have departed not on speaking terms. A promising love affair was blighted by a partnership night. She discovered in him all those qualities she most disliked. And he—well, he was not very pleased with her.

. . . . . .

As a preliminary canter to perpetual partnership these Bridge functions have their advantage. But from the point of view of play I doubt their usefulness or attraction. One of the pleasures of the game is its diversity, and you lose the charm of variety when you are chained to one partner all the time. If both of you are out of luck you have no chance of escape. You can endure with comparative equanimity the mistakes of a temporary partner who next rubber, with any luck, may become your adversary, but it is not easy to bear the play of one to whom you are yoked for the entire evening.

. . . . . .

And strange things often occur on these partnership evenings. You find certain players who always play together on these occasions and who always win. Of course, one is not suspicious. But it is rather funny the way their declarations, even when they seem unsound, happen to "fit," and how successful they are in their leads and play of the hands. I am not hinting at a secret code—although that is easy enough to arrange for the unscrupulous. But people who play at reputable clubs are never unscrupulous, are they?

It may be that they know each other's play so well that they are so closely in sympathy—*en rapport*—that, doubtless unintentionally, they have a considerable advantage over those who do not work so well in double harness. The truth of telepathy is accepted by many, and there may be a mysterious understanding, a communion between mind and mind, greater or less according to the strength of the bond of sympathy existing between them. I have known husbands and wives who are invincible in partnership at Bridge, but who are by no means so successful when separated. A happy wife confessed she preferred to play with her husband to anyone else. She was the weaker player of the two and she knew it, but she said, "I usually can *feel* what card Charlie wants me to play."

. . . . . .

Out of this arises the whole question of the necessity of establishing sympathetic relations with your partner from the very start. If you are temperamental, and, of course, as a good Bridge player you are sure to be temperamental, it is not always easy. There are probably some partners who get on your nerves at once. You may or may not know the reason. It may be certain little tricks or mannerisms that exasperate you, or general deportment, or some flaw in character which you "sense." I must confess I have had partners whom I felt it would be a fiendish delight to let down. But this sort of feeling has to be fought. It is not the winning way. Partners who are at loggerheads, even though there may be no outward display of their mutual antagonism, are handicapped.

Always keep on good terms with your partner is a counsel of perfection. And if you are with a weak partner never betray even by the flicker of an eyelid your consciousness of his weakness.

. . . . . .

A reader in Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa, has given me particulars of a hand which he considers is "one of the hardest pieces of luck" he has ever met with. Here are the cards and the calling:—

	S—K, Q. D—x.		H—A, K, J, x, x, x. C—J, x, x, x.
S—x, x. H—Q, x, x. D—A, K, Q. C—K, 9, 8, x, x.	*Y* *A* *Z*	*B*	S—x, x, x. H—None. D—J, 10, x, x, x, x. C—A, Q, 10, x.
	S—A, J, 10, x, x, x. D—x, x, x.		H—10, x, x, x. C—None.

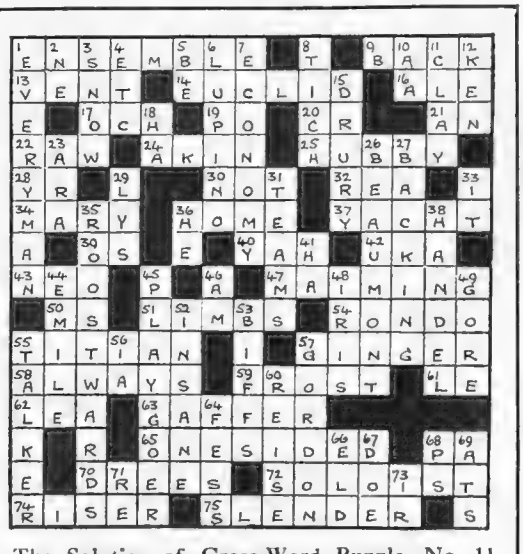
Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "one Spade"; A "two Clubs"; Y "two Hearts"; B "three Clubs"; Z "three Hearts"; A and Y "No bid"; B "four Clubs"; Z and A "No bid"; Y "four Hearts"; B and Z "No bid"; A "double"; Y "re-double." All pass.

B opened Ace of Clubs ruffed by Z. Y then cleared trumps, finessing the Jack on the first round, played out Spades, discarding the losing Diamond and Clubs, and made a grand slam.

My correspondent was A, and lost over a thousand points on what he considers, "if not a cast-iron double, quite a justifiable one."

. . . . . .

I admit it was unlucky for A to lose a grand slam, but I cannot agree that his double was good. On the bidding, Y and Z were marked with considerable length in Spades and Hearts between them. A could not expect to make his Queen of Hearts. Nor on the bidding should he have expected to make a trick in Clubs. He might reasonably have expected to make two or even three Diamonds. But even if he had made all three this would not have defeated the contract. You may say he had a right to anticipate one trick in his partner's hand. But B's was forced bidding, and while it showed considerable strength in Clubs, it did not follow that he had a quick trick. To double just because a double is "free" is dangerous policy. After the re-double A would have been better off in "six Clubs." Although, of course, he could not make them, it would have been less expensive and the rubber would have been kept alive.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 11

Above is the correct solution of the eleventh Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of April 22. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first three correct answers opened), are given below:—

D. O. Dixon, Cowley Barracks, Oxford.
Mrs. C. E. Bastain, 17, Kersland Terrace, Glasgow, W.2.
E. E. A. Heriz-Smith, Holy Trinity Rectory, Winchester.

"The Public Schools Year Book"

The 1925 edition of that handy educational guide for harassed parents, *The Public Schools Year Book* (H. F. W. Deane and Sons: 10s. 6d.), is now on sale. The book contains much information that will be a guide to those who have to face the problem of choosing a school for their boys; and some useful hints—if somewhat limited—on the difficult questions of choosing and entering upon a career. A notable new feature is a special section dealing with surveying, land agency and auctioneering. A further addition is a list of Public School and Old Boys colours. The book is a concise record of most matters of educational interest to parents, schoolmasters and boys—though it seems not unlikely that the last-named will take the book "as read."

"BP" Persian Series, No. 3

[*From an original drawing by* CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

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In the early history of mankind there are few more splendid pages than those which tell of the might and magnificence of ancient Persia. Its kings ruled a great and widespread empire. Its palaces and temples were the wonder of the world.

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The early glory of Persia was succeeded by centuries of inactivity and depression, but in recent years there has been an awakening. Through the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, modern industry has come to the land of Darius and Nadir Shah, and promises to restore, not the prosperity which they won by the sword in distant days, but that which is based on a genuine contribution to the welfare and needs of the world.

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BAR FREAKS

HOW IT STRIKES AN AMERICAN

By "THE KENNELMAN"

LONDON caters generously for the doggy public this week, and the arrangements made should prove extremely convenient for breeders and exhibitors, no less than for the bystanding onlooker. To-morrow, Thursday, the Joint Terrier Clubs hold their Championship Show at Olympia, and on the following day, the same huge roof shelters the annual Championship Show of the Ladies Kennel Association—open to all, and one of the most important exhibitions of the year. There's sound sense in the linking up of two such events, and it should save a mort o' wear and tear and expense. The Dogs concerned will heartily approve—two big Shows covered with but one night away from home. The evils of freak breeding to waistcoat pocket dimensions, being fairly obvious, are pretty generally condemned, and so, one may hope, are not likely to increase. There are others, less generally recognised, yet almost equally dangerous; and one of them has been sensibly treated in the April issue of that very excellent little magazine, *The Alsatian*. Here the writer deals faithfully with the serious risks attaching to breeding for mere bigness, and shows plainly how this may tend to weakness, and to the lowering of the general physique, as well as the special fitness of a given breed for its own work. "The dangers of over-size in Alsatians are almost unlimited. Loss of proportion, high legs, short bodies, weak backs, galloping gait and sluggish temperament can all be attributed . . . to this defect." Much the same may be said of the results of unbalanced striving after great size, and especially mere height, in sundry other breeds; and of making a fetish of such qualities as "gun-barrel straight" fore-legs, as, for example, in the Irish Wolfhound, or in any other breed in which deep chests and galloping powers are vital. The perfection of normality, not the freakish exaggeration of any single quality, is the real right objective.

A prominent American fancier now in England, who describes himself as "a very appreciative student of THE BYSTANDER'S Kennel Notes," has delivered himself thus in a matter of interest to all doggy folk:

"I want to say that I have been having the time of my life among your English fanciers, shows and kennels. If there are any finer in the world, they're not known to me. Nobody could be kinder or more hospitable than your breeders, and nothing on four feet can come near the best of your Dogs. But as for putting 'em across, for letting the world know about 'em, why, it seems to me your fanciers haven't quite got clear of the Middle Ages. Right here in London I hear more about American goods than British; and yet when I look at the Dogs you've got—well, now, for instance, how is the foreign fancier to know who to enquire of? Where are your directories of leading breeders—names and addresses, and records? Why aren't they alphabetically listed in all your doggy journals—issued in cheap form by your doggy clubs, *for the general public*? Why aren't they all over America, and other countries? The world's plumb-full of buyers, where such Dogs as yours are concerned; but the world wants names and addresses and things. Why not see to it?"

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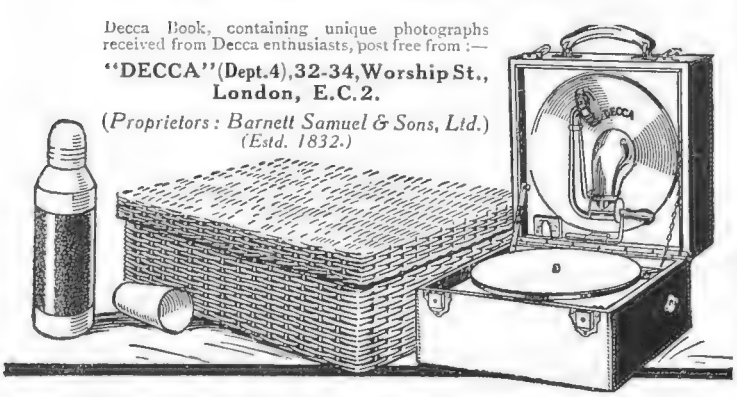

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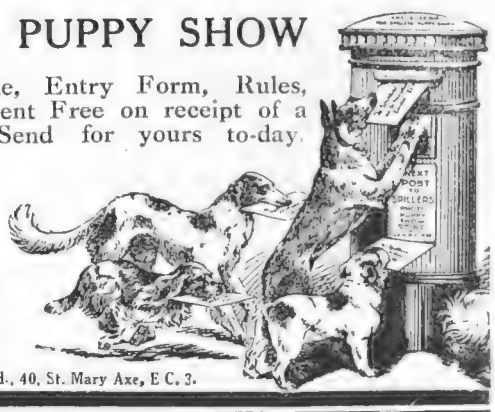

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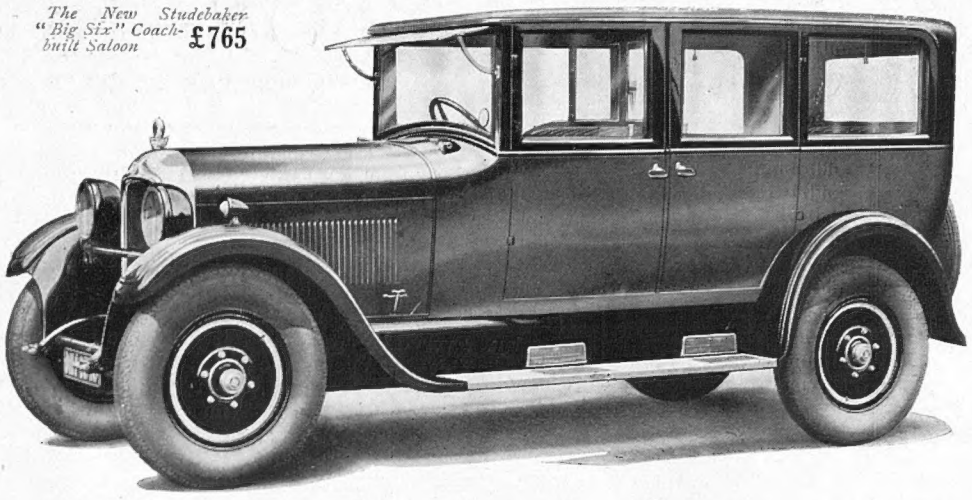

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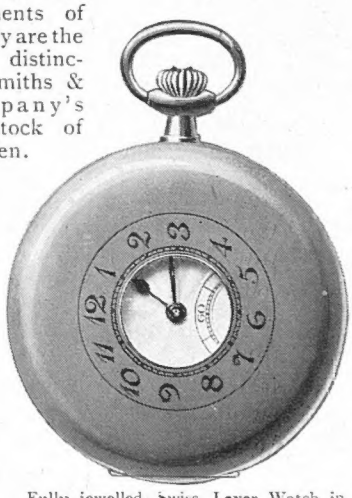

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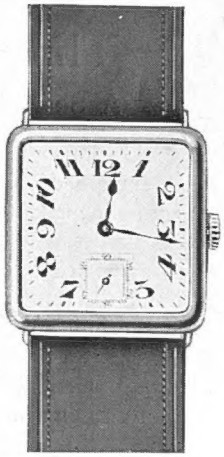

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MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

A ROVING COMMISSION
Miss Hazel Glen at the wheel of her new 14/45 h.p. Rover car

A new car could not have been introduced under more favourable conditions than those attending the first appearance of the 14-45 h.p. Rover, which attracted so much attention when first shown at Olympia. The occasion was a little party organised for the benefit of those who are earning their living by the pen, or trying to. Six cars—all brand-new and shiny from the paint shop—were sent up from Coventry to London, and one bright sunny morning, the gathering set off down the Portsmouth Road under the guidance of genial J. K. Starley. Everything combined to make this day one of the most pleasant of the year. The cars ran magnificently, the weather was excellent and the social arrangements were of the usual high Rover order.

* * *

Of the car itself, I can say that I am very considerably impressed. In many of its features, the design is distinctly unconventional, and it might be expected that certain faults would show themselves in the first few production models. I was unable to discover any, which seems to show that the Rover Company have carried out the most searching tests and have not allowed a single car to be prepared for a customer without the elimination of all early faults and failings. It is interesting to note that the makers have been engaged on the present model for over eighteen months and have spent several hundreds of thousands of pounds on tools, materials and experimental work. They have every reason to be proud of the results, as the new Rover is distinctive from beginning to end. The makers have achieved the difficult task of taming a high efficiency engine until it gives the sweetness and smoothness of the comparatively low-powered plant but with no loss of power. A word must be said of the Rover braking system. This is of the four-wheel pattern, and is operated in a distinctive manner. The brakes, like everything else of the car, are smooth in action yet they are extremely powerful when necessary. The springing is good and the comfort provided is of a very high standard. I am looking forward with interest to a more extended trial of this newcomer to the motor world.

* * *

British motorists visiting France will be interested to hear that an alteration has been made in the conditions under which they may stay, according to a law passed last month. In future, on arrival at the Customs, the motorist will make a declaration as to the expected length of his stay, and a permit will then be issued for a period not exceeding sixty days at a cost of 2.50 francs per day. Should he desire to prolong his stay after this period he can

(Continued on page 440)

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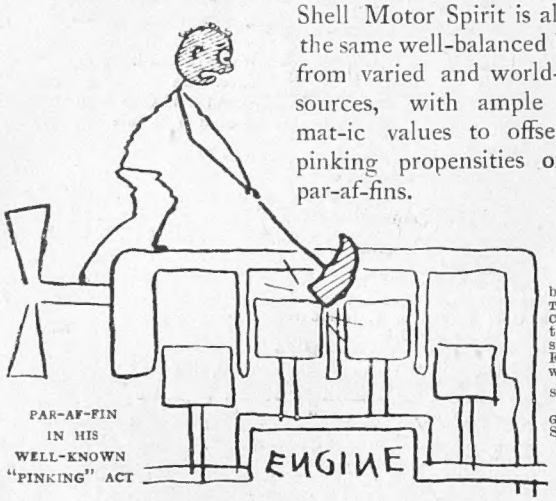

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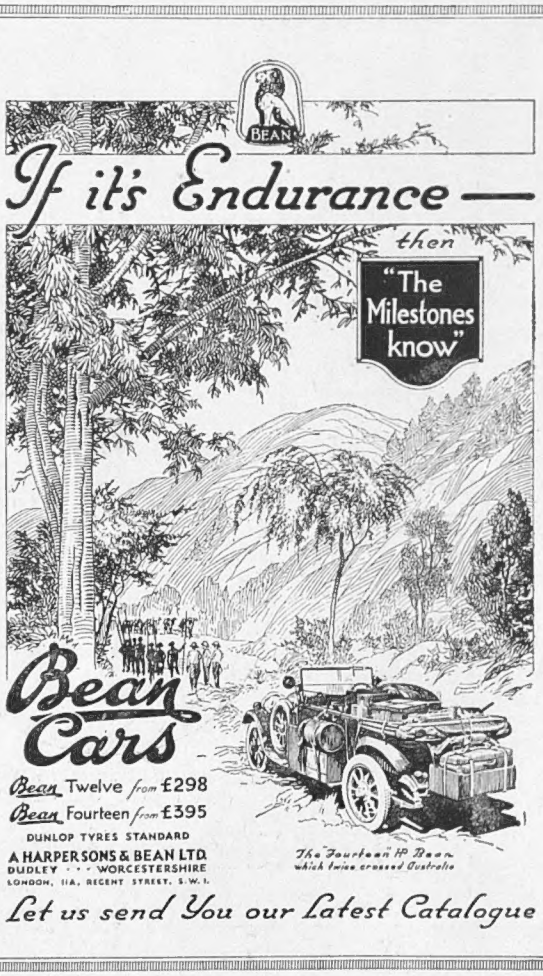

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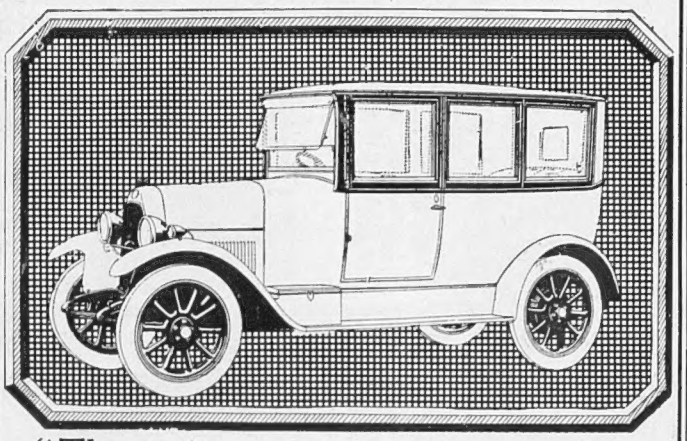

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—*Heniochus*, THE SKETCH, *April 22nd, 1925.*

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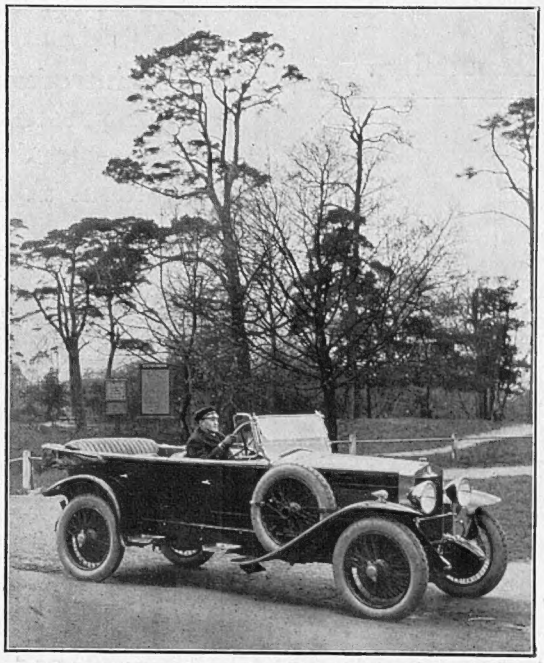
obtain a *permis de circulation* at the local taxation offices, the validity of which cannot exceed the last day of the particular quarter. The charge for this extension is 20 centimes per horse-power per day. It will thus be seen that the regulations have been considerably simplified, as the motorist makes his own declaration of his length of stay and can then obtain an extension up to a certain limit.

* *
*

THE 40 h.p. six-cylinder Fiat is a most impressive car both in appearance and in its running. One of the most notable features of the chassis is the extreme cleanliness of design. At first sight of the engine it is impossible to say where the carburetter and the starting motor are, as they are enclosed under detachable aluminium plates at the base of the cylinder block. The only external evidences of ignition are the six sparking plugs and short lengths of high tension cable. Messrs. Fiat (England), Ltd., of 43-44, Albemarle Street, W.1, have published a very attractive catalogue dealing exclusively with this model and its many attractive features, and they will be pleased to send a copy to any motorist interested in this type of car.

* *
*

THERE are many ways and means of bringing home to a prospective purchaser the finer points of a car, but one of the best I have seen is that employed by Crossley Motors, Ltd., in regard to their 14 h.p. car. They have issued a large number of letters which they have received from private users of the car. These letters naturally are entirely unsolicited and have obviously only been written because the owner was so pleased with his car that he felt he must really write to somebody about it. Interesting information is to be found concerning the performances of the 14 h.p. Crossley in private owners' hands. One user is very pleased with the consumption, which he finds is thirty-five miles to the gallon. Several have covered considerable distances without the slightest trouble, one, for instance, having travelled ten thousand miles, and the car having given no trouble whatever. In the whole of this distance the starting handle has never been used. It does not matter how good a car is if it does not please its user, but it is obvious that the Crossley must be a very good car indeed.

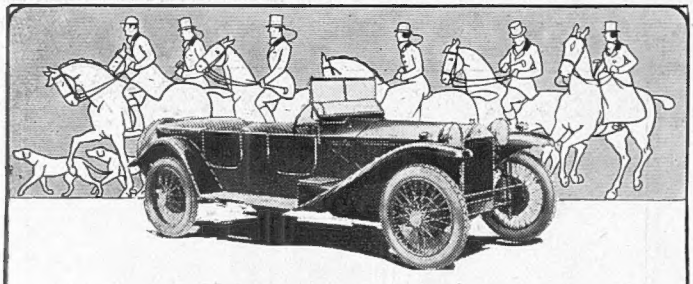


THE MODERN MAN OF THE HIGHWAY AND HIS "STEED"

A striking picture of the famous "Firs" at Hampstead Heath, near the Spaniards Inn, past which Dick Turpin rode on his historic ride to York. The modern "Black Bess" is a 40 h.p. 6-cylinder Fiat sports model

* *
*

HEAVEN preserve me from ever having to drive down the Kent roads, both New and Old, during the rush periods. Necessity took me down there recently and gave me a nightmare of a time. What part of the road was not undergoing repair was fully occupied by steam vans, heavy lorries, tramcars, motor-buses, and the smaller fry of road users. My average speed was about six miles per hour, I only got into top gear twice, and I finally emerged in the purer air of the City with my eyes full of clinker, dust, grit, and goodness only knows what else. I would suggest that a new arterial road be cut from Blackfriars Bridge, as all I have tried at least have the merit of not being crowded. G. C. S.



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